

## WangXian

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Fandoms:	<a href="#">魔道祖师 - 墨香铜臭</a>   <a href="#">Módào Zǔshī - Mòxiāng Tóngxiù</a> , <a href="#">陈情令</a>   <a href="#">The Untamed (TV)</a> , <a href="#">天官赐福</a>   <a href="#">Heaven Official's Blessing (Cartoon)</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Lan Zhan</a>   <a href="#">Lan Wangji/Wei Ying</a>   <a href="#">Wei Wuxian</a> , <a href="#">Lan Jingyi &amp; Lan Yuan</a>   <a href="#">Lan Sizhui &amp; Lan Zhan</a>   <a href="#">Lan Wangji &amp; Wei Ying</a>   <a href="#">Wei Wuxian</a> , <a href="#">Jin Ling</a>   <a href="#">Jin Rulan &amp; Lan Jingyi &amp; Lan Yuan</a>   <a href="#">Lan Sizhui &amp; Ouyang Zizhen</a> , <a href="#">Jin Ling</a>   <a href="#">Jin Rulan &amp; Lan Zhan</a>   <a href="#">Lan Wangji &amp; Wei Ying</a>   <a href="#">Wei Wuxian</a> , <a href="#">Jiang Cheng</a>   <a href="#">Jiang Wanyin &amp; Jin Ling</a>   <a href="#">Jin Rulan</a> , <a href="#">Wēn Qíng/Original Female Character(s)</a> , <a href="#">Lán Zhàn</a>   <a href="#">Lán Wàngjī &amp; Wèi Yīng</a>   <a href="#">Wèi Wúxiàn &amp; Original Child Character(s)</a> , <a href="#">Lán Jīngyí &amp; Lán Yuàn</a>   <a href="#">Lán Sīzhuī &amp; Original Child Character(s)</a> , <a href="#">Niè Huáisāng &amp; Wèi Yīng</a>   <a href="#">Wèi Wúxiàn Friendship - Relationship</a> , <a href="#">Lán Jīngyí &amp; Lán Yuàn</a>   <a href="#">Lán Sīzhuī are Brothers</a> , <a href="#">Mo Xuanyu/Wen Ning</a>   <a href="#">Wen Qionglín</a> , <a href="#">Hua Cheng/Xie Lian</a> ( <a href="#">Tian Guan Ci Fu</a> )
Characters:	<a href="#">Lan Zhan</a>   <a href="#">Lan Wangji</a> , <a href="#">Wei Ying</a>   <a href="#">Wei Wuxian</a> , <a href="#">Lan Huan</a>   <a href="#">Lan Xichen</a> , <a href="#">Lan Yuan</a>   <a href="#">Lan Sizhui</a> , <a href="#">Lan Jingyi</a> , <a href="#">Wen Ning</a>   <a href="#">Wen Qionglín</a> , <a href="#">Wen Qing</a> ( <a href="#">Modao Zushi</a> ), <a href="#">Original Characters</a> , <a href="#">Jiang Cheng</a>   <a href="#">Jiang Wanyin</a> , <a href="#">Lan Qiren</a> , <a href="#">Gusu Lan Elders</a> ( <a href="#">Modao Zushi</a> ), <a href="#">Modao Zushi Ensemble</a> , <a href="#">Mo Xuanyu</a> , <a href="#">Xie Lian</a> ( <a href="#">Tian Guan Ci Fu</a> ), <a href="#">Hua Cheng</a> ( <a href="#">Tian Guan Ci Fu</a> ), <a href="#">Tian Guan Ci Fu Ensemble</a>
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# WangXian

by [Peacelyaka](#)

## Summary

Wei Wuxian did not know how this was even remotely possible. He had thought that this was some kind of crazy dream his mind had concocted after the Mo Village incident but was proven wrong when the warmth had hit. This was real. And it was beginning to become a little too much.

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Summary

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After the incidents at Yi City, the group - of two well-known cultivators, a few juniors, and a fierce corpse - returned to an inn a little more than five li from the ghostly place.

On the second floor of the building, in the room at the very end of the hallway, Wei Wuxian sat at the low table - posture forever incorrect - drinking the inn's best wine while his companion - posture forever straight - sat right in front of him silently drinking his tea.

"Lan Zhan."

"Mn?"

"There's something I must do."

"Where does Wei Ying wish to go?"

"I have to go somewhere. Not someplace far from here." He reassured after seeing Lan Wangji's furrowed eyebrows.

Lan Wangji hummed, "When do we leave?"

Wei Wuxian smiled brightly, "You can't come."

Lan Wangji looked close to pouting, "Why?"

"Because what I'm doing is going to be a surprise for you and if you come then there won't be a surprise."

Lan Wangji nodded in understanding, though he still seemed as if he was pouting. But, Wei Wuxian got his lover's approval - reluctance aside - and so he stood up and departed.

Wei Wuxian stood silently within the thicket of trees glancing all around him for any unnatural movement. Not noticing anything amiss, he called out, "Wen Ning."

The person immediately came out.

"Young Master Wei."

Wei Wuxian furrowed his brows with displeasure, "Wen Ning, we have known one another for years, been through life and death. Please do not address me so formally."

Wen Ning nodded. He knew this. He cherished the memories of the moments they spent together despite all the pain they entailed. He had thought that Wei Wuxian was the one who had forgotten them. It seemed that was not the case, "I believe I have found it... Wuxian."

Wei Wuxian gave him one of his blinding smiles and gestured to the forest beyond, "Show me. I believe I know where it is as well."

They began walking deeper into the forest, both very much aware of the presence behind them but didn't pay it much attention seeing as the entity possessed no malicious intent.

After walking for about a shichen they stopped in front of a tree where a very ominous figure was sitting silently. Its skin was ashen as if it had seen a ghost or been exposed to sunlight for years. The long hair covered the face and was dragging against the dirt, sweeping up dried leaves and debris whenever a slight breeze blew by. It wore tattered red and black robes, which exposed the skin on different areas of the body.

Wei Wuxian stepped forward and the body, as expected, shifted its cloudy grey eyes towards him, staring, until he stepped back, "It appears that the rest of my soul is indeed there."

"No more searching then?"

Wei Wuxian smiled, "No more searching."

"What must we do now?"

Wei Wuxian walked to a clearing a few feet away and looked around in thought. He hummed pulling out the soul-trapping pouch from his robes opened it and immediately snapped it shut with a little oops, that's the wrong one, "We must set up an array to switch souls."

Wen Ning understood and gently dragged his brother's body to one end of the completed array before stepping back.

Wei Wuxian placed a hand on his hip humming thoughtfully then placed the slightly opened spirit-trapping pouch at the other end of the array, "Okay."

Wen Ning looked worried, "Wuxian, I've never seen this array before. What does it do?"

Wei Wuxian walked around while explaining, "It was a normal teleportation array when I found it. Before they were supposed to be two different arrays placed in two different locations indicating that was where you wanted the designated item to go. I've changed it so that it reacts to the souls within the array placing them back in their original body."

Wen Ning watched with bated breaths - which was ironic because he didn't need to breathe - as Wei Wuxian stepped into the array and sat down tentatively, "Will it still work that way?"

Wei Wuxian smiled, "Of course."

Wen Ning trusted those words more than he'd like to admit. Wei Wuxian knew what he was doing and even if the array failed today he'd find a way to make it work later, "Is there anything I should do?"

Wei Wuxian thought for a while and when he was about to decline something came to mind, "Could you make sure no one comes and disturbs us - this might take a while."

Wen Ning nodded and turned to face the other direction, deciding to follow the task he was given to the best of his ability.

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The forest was quiet, not even the sounds of animals mating or hunting for food could be heard. Youshi was about to pass when the array began to glow softly.

Wen Ning stood his ground and folded his arms across his chest when the figures that were silently following them revealed themselves.

The four juniors glanced around clearly looking for the other person they saw walking into the forest earlier. Not finding him their little faces scrunched in confusion.

Jin Ling, "What are you doing? Where's my uncle?"

"Wuxian, is busy. Please come back later."

If the juniors were shocked by how he addressed Wei Wuxian they did not show it.

Lan Sizhui, "Uncle Ning, we came to ask A-Die some important questions. Can we please pass through?"

Wen Ning shook his head, "I'm sorry but it's still no. Wuxian said to make sure no one passes through until he's finished."

Jin Ling scowled, "Why the hell not? What's he doing anyway?!"

Lan Jingyi smirked, "Young Mistress Jin, control your temper. He said he's busy, let's just wait."

Jin Ling, "You-"

Ouyang Zizhen smiled, "Yeah. We don't have to argue."

Jin Ling seemed even angrier, "You all-"

In the background, two voices could be heard over the groups arguing.

Mo Xuanyu, "Ow..."

Wei Wuxian, "What the hell?!"

Everyone turned to the two occupants who were sprawled out on the forest floor in a dazed heap. Wen Ning smiled happily at his brother while the others seemed beyond confused.

It had worked.

Wei Wuxian, not one to stay down for long, immediately sat up and stared at the person on the other end of the array, "Wen Ning i-is that...?"

Wen Ning smiled, "That is Mo Xuanyu."

The juniors behind him gasped in shock.

Wei Wuxian's eyes widened, "T-That means it worked? It worked?! It really worked!"

Wei Wuxian immediately stood up, ready to take off in a sprint only to fall flat on his face, Chenqing sliding through the dirt, "Ow. That really hurt."

Wen Ning immediately went to help him up, "Wuxian, you shouldn't stand up like that. You just went through a soul transfer."

"Aiyah, I know. I'll be fine. Anyway, Mo Xuanyu, are you alright?"

Mo Xuanyu stuttered at the attention of the Yiling Patriarch, "I-I'm alright."

Wei Wuxian nodded, "That's good. That's good. Let's get back to the inn. I nee- what are they doing here?"

Wen Ning turned to stare at the flabbergasted juniors and couldn't help but chuckle at their adorable faces.

Ouyang Zizhen, "..."

Jin Ling, "..."

Lan Jingyi, "..."

Lan Sizhui, "Uh, A-Die?"

Wei Wuxian grinned, "Yep. That's me."

Lan Sizhui seemed even more lost, "Uh..."

Wei Wuxian shook his head, "Wen Ning, help me up?"

Wen Ning did just that. Then moved to help Mo Xuanyu.

After, they all made it back to the inn in silence.

|~|

When they had returned to the room Lan Wangji had stared in shock at his lover's original body - who was currently smiling at him - and the one he was lent - who was avoiding all eye contact. He let them in regardless and watched as Wei Wuxian latched onto his arm and dragged him to sit at the low table in the middle of the room followed by everyone else.

There was resounding silence after that.

The second eldest Lan in the room glanced around noticing the awkward stares between his uncle and 'Mo Xuanyu', his cousin and his best friend who were staring at their teacup silently, his brother who was quietly - surprisingly - drinking his tea and his parents who seemed to be having a silent conversation with their eyes. Or they could simply be checking each other out after a while but either way, he was tired of it.

Lan Sizhui, "This is your original body?"

Wei Wuxian turned to him with a blinding smile, that looked a lot more natural on his face, "Yup!"

Jin Ling - encouraged by the start of the conversation - questioned, "So, who is this?"

"That is Mo Xuanyu. He lent me his body through a soul-sacrificing ritual."

Mo Xuanyu, a little uncomfortable by the sudden onslaught of attention waved awkwardly at the others, "...Uh... hello?"

Lan Sizhui glanced at him and then at Lan Wangji, "Then why wasn't his soul sacrificed?"

Wei Wuxian rubbed the tip of his nose staring at his eldest son, "I suppose since my soul was close to Mo Manor at the time of the sacrifice, the ritual went through fairly quickly leaving Mo Xuanyu's soul little time to fully disappear. When I awoke his soul was already fading so I trapped it in a healing spiritual pouch where it was all this time."

Ouyang Zizhen looked and sounded shocked, "You were planning on giving back his body all along?"

"Yep," Wei Wuxian abruptly stood up giving his most graceful bow to the shocked occupants, "This one thanks Young Master Mo for his sacrifice in bringing him back."

Mo Xuanyu's face took on a bright shade of red and he flailed trying to get Wei Wuxian to sit down, "I-It's no b-big deal. P-Please stop bowing."

After a little more persuasion, Wei Wuxian sat down after getting Mo Xuanyu to accept his gratitude.

Silence once again took over the room, until Lan Sizhui broke it again, "A-Die, If you don't mind me asking... why did you take up demonic cultivation?"

Lan Jingyi gave his brother a look that asked, 'You're doing this now?' Lan Sizhui gave him a look back - one that looked almost identical to Lan Wangji's - it read, ' Yes . '

The silence that passed through the room was as thick as the bones clustered on the Burial Mounds.

Wen Ning, being the only person who knew the reason, sucked in a harsh breath at the question.

The tension in the room heightened, the occupants glancing nervously between the questionnaire and the questioner.

Lan Sizhui knew that was a personal question to ask and he probably shouldn't have asked it in front of so many people but he couldn't help it. And he wasn't about to back down from something he put himself in.

After recovering from the shock, Wei Wuxian chuckled lightly and stole a glance at Lan Wangji who he found was already staring at him.

He passed his eyes over the occupants of the room until they landed on Wen Ning who was staring at him with eyes that clearly said, It's your choice, Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian took a deep breath and turned his eyes back to his eldest son, "Do you really want to know?"

At his nod, he turned to the occupants of the room, "Do you all wish to know?"

At their nods, Wei Wuxian took another deep breath and began.

After returning from the Wen Indoctrination camp, Wei Wuxian was unconscious for four days. When he finally woke up he was greeted by a relieved Jiang Yanli, her soup, an angry yet relieved Jiang Cheng, and a very relieved Jiang Fengmian. After he was finished eating Jiang Yanli was sent to Meishan Yu. Madam Yu and Jiang Fengmian argued *about Wei Wuxian and Jiang Cheng, about who was their son and who was their servant. Jiang Fengmian left Lotus Pier to run errands and Madam Yu went to berate the disciples. Wei*



*Wuxian went to comfort Jiang Cheng after she left. Not long after, Wang Lingjiao showed up demanding Wei Wuxian's arm be cut off for offending Wen Chao and the Wen Sect but Madam Yu whipped him instead. Not satisfied, she once again demanded that his arm be cut off berating him and his parents' name. But, she insulted Jiang Cheng so Madam Yu slapped her. Seeing as she wasn't getting what she wanted Wang Lingjiao called Wen Zhuliu and made him fight Madam Yu. After the fight began Wang Lingjiao set off a flare letting the Wen invade Lotus Pier.*

*Fighting them off proved to be impossible so Madam Yu forced them into a boat and sent them off to where they met Jiang Fengmian, who after questioning them sent them away as well. After about six shichen have passed Zidian finally loosened and they immediately returned to Lotus Pier.*

*When they got there it was decimated. Blood and bodies were everywhere. Fires still burned on houses and important buildings and the person in the middle of it all was Wen Chao and Wang Lingjiao degrading every single one of their names. Wei Wuxian managed to drag Jiang Cheng away before he could do something stupid but once he got him away Jiang Cheng immediately took his anger out on Wei Wuxian, blaming him for saving Lan Wangji, for saving all those disciples in the cave, and for being fucking born. And Wei Wuxian? Wei Wuxian just took it. Crying silently because of everything he's been put through.*

*They left after that finding an inn and Jiang Yanli, who after finding out what happened fainted and woke up with a fever. Wei Wuxian left to buy medicine but when he returned Jiang Cheng wasn't there and when asked for his location he was found returning to Lotus Pier. After taking care of Jiang Yanli, Wei Wuxian went to look for him where he met Wen Ning who he was very mean to because he didn't recognise him, once he did however, he immediately asked for Madam Yu and Jiang Fengmian's bodies and to help him find Jiang Cheng. Wen Ning did just that and even brought him to his sister who helped check over them where it was then revealed that Jiang Cheng's golden core was destroyed by Wen Zhuliu. It was then that Wen Qing made an appearance that Wei Wuxian prompted her to transfer his golden core to Jiang Cheng under the guise of Baoshan Sanren. Wei Wuxian was awake for two days and one night and in constant pain for the procedure to work and thankfully it did.*

*After, Wei Wuxian went back to the inn where Jiang Yanli was supposed to be except she wasn't there. Wei Wuxian rested there for a while but was then found by Wen Chao and his comrades who proceeded to beat him up and then drag him to the Burial Mounds where he was tossed in. Wei Wuxian stayed there for three months learning how to cultivate the demonic path for the sake of survival and to win the oncoming war as the Grandmaster of Demonic Cultivation.*

*After he was finished there was a resounding silence for a few moments before it was broken by a loud snuffle.*

*Everyone turned to look at Ouyang Zizhen who continued to snuffle despite everyone's stares.*

*Jin Ling sniffled as well and after a thoughtful silence; questioned, "Uncle Xian, do you regret it?"*

Wei Wuxian smiled, "I don't regret giving my core to Jiang Cheng if that's what you're asking."

Lan Sizhui sniffled as well, "After all A-Die did for him, he still killed him."

"Ai-ya, he doesn't know, and he didn't kill me."

Everyone in the room looked like they wanted to protest.

Lan Jingyi, "Are you going to tell him?"

Wei Wuxian shrugged, "I might as well."

Wei Wuxian smiled at them, "Why are you crying?"

Lan Sizhui, Mo Xuanyu, Jin Ling, and Ouyang Zizhen sniffled in unison.

Mo Xuanyu, "Are you planning to give up demonic cultivation?"

Lan Wangji's head turned to Wei Wuxian at the question.

Wei Wuxian looked down at his hands in his lap ignoring Lan Wangji, he shrugged his shoulders, "Wen Qing and I were thinking of ways to reform a golden core this late in life but she died before we could come up with something. So, until I find something else or until we're finished with the mystery of our dear friend it's all I have. Honestly, I don't know."

Wen Ning ducked his head sadly at the mention of his sister.

Lan Jingyi opened his mouth to say something but Wei Wuxian held up his hand, effectively stopping him from talking, "Any more questions I'll answer tomorrow."

They looked disappointed but nodded nonetheless. They stood and moved to bow, Lan Wangji held up a hand signalling them not to.

When they turned to Wei Wuxian, he stopped them as well, "You don't have to bow to me."

They straightened and proceeded to the exit. After Wen Ning and Mo Xuanyu were out and the door was securely shut behind them Wei Wuxian turned to Lan Wangji who immediately took him into his arms. Lan Wangji then proceeded to apologize about every time he ever judged Wei Wuxian for his use of Demonic Cultivation which prompted Wei Wuxian to tell him that he was forgiven because he was only trying to protect him.

Wei Wuxian settled into Lan Wangji's embrace content and happy.

Lan Wangji tilted his head up and proceeded to stare very intently at Wei Wuxian's face. At the probing stare, Wei Wuxian felt his cheeks heating up and tried to turn away but Lan Wangji held his chin firmly in place eyes never straying from his.

"Wei Ying... may I kiss you?"

Wei Wuxian felt more blood rushing to his face, "Yes, please."

Soft lips pressed against his without another moment's hesitation. It was only a feather-light touch of lips, like a butterfly gently caressing a flower's petal but it was everything Wei Wuxian could have ever imagined.

They pulled away a few seconds later.

"You don't know how long I've wanted to do that."

"Why?"

Wei Wuxian looked down mumbling, "I guess it was because I was in a different body that I didn't want to kiss you because it was like you were kissing someone else."

Lan Wangji smiled at him.

Wei Wuxian rubbed the tip of his nose in embarrassment, "Anyway, I'm pretty sure that was your first kiss. Right?"

Lan Wangji shook his head, "Second."

Wei Wuxian looked up, shocked and a little jealous at the revelation, "Second? Who took your first kiss?"

"Wei Ying."

"Me? What about me... you're saying I took your first kiss?!"

"Mn. The hunt at Phoenix Mountain when Wei Ying was blinded folded..."

"Phoenix Mountain... Phoenix Mountain! You were the one who pushed me against the tree and kissed me so aggressively?!"

"Mn."

Wei Wuxian had always thought it was some shy maiden who had kissed him so aggressively. The thought that Second Jade of Lan was the one with that incredible show of strength made arousal pool within his stomach, along with the fact that they were each other's first kisses.

Wei Wuxian could see Lan Wangji's ears turning a cherry red, "Well, Hanguang-jun, congratulations on stealing my first kiss."

Lan Wangji looked taken aback at the revelation, "First kiss?"

"Yeah, or else what did you think?"

"But, you had said..."

"Said what? Stopping in the middle of a sentence is not your thing Lan Zhan."

Lan Wangji's voice sounded baffled and a little breathless, "You had said that you had experience."

Wei Wuxian had indeed said that, but he had only meant it as a taunt to Lan Wangji. Who would have thought that Lan Wangji had taken it seriously?

Wei Wuxian snorted, "I meant experience reading pornography. Honestly, Lan Zhan, only a fuddy-duddy like you would believe that."

Lan Wangji looked happy at that, "That means Wei Ying is a virgin."

Wei Wuxian spluttered, "W-what? L-Lan Zhan where did you learn that?!"

Lan Wangji hummed thoughtfully before standing with Wei Wuxian in his arms and placing him gently on the edge of the bed to remove the torn robes from his body.

"Lan Zhan... before we do anything do you think I can get a bath?"

Lan Wangji stood up with his torn outer robes in hand and stared at him for a moment. Coming to whatever conclusion he had in his mind he pressed a gentle kiss to Wei Wuxian's head and stepped away, "Mn. I will get water."

"Thank you, Lan Zhan."

Lan Wangji left the room to fetch the water and Wei Wuxian took the chance to remove the rest of his robes, folding them somewhere to dispose of later. He stepped behind the privacy screen and in front of the bronze mirror that was there.

His body was not as he remembered. He remembered being thin - but with a decent amount of muscles - tan and littered with marks.

Wei Wuxian was no longer tan.

He supposed it had to do with the fact that there was barely sunlight in the Burial Mounds and the possibility that he was a wandering body that was surrounded by resentful energy seemed so high now it was no longer a possibility that he had seen little sunlight for thirteen years.

His hair had long since passed his buttocks and was matted with dirt and other grime from dragging along the ground. The Wen brand on the left side of his chest was still there but scarred over. There were cuts and bruises from his talisman experiments and sword training. Along with whip marks from Zidian. Wei Wuxian knew he was tall - but after spending much time in a body with such little height it was to be expected to need a few moments to get used to - but Lan Wangji still had a few inches on him. Wei Wuxian also knew he was good-looking. He didn't need to be told.

He also knew that his body wasn't exactly 'masculine' to put it bluntly. Wei Wuxian was told several times before that he had the waist of a 'female', the skin of a babe, and soft features. At least back then he had managed to build up some muscles and his core strength but due to neglect and improper eating, they became soft and non-existent. His legs were thin now but

his thighs still held a bit of meat on them, so they were soft and heavy to the touch. Wei Wuxian's rear had never really appeared to entertain him much but after being with Lan Wangji he found that he liked the soft meaty flesh.

When Lan Wangji returned Wei Wuxian wasn't where he left him. Not one to panic easily, he gently called out, "Wei Ying?"

Wei Wuxian's head peeked out from behind the privacy screen with a smile, "Lan Zhan, you're back."

Lan Wangji brought the tub behind the screen and shamelessly stared at Wei Wuxian's naked body as he twisted and turned in the mirror, "Lan Zhan, we have a problem."

Wei Wuxian wasn't as self-conscious as he first was now that his partner knew all his secrets. In fact, he felt kind of happy that Lan Wangji liked his body. Liked it enough to look at, to touch.

"Mn?"

Wei Wuxian turned to Lan Wangji, "I don't have any robes."

Lan Wangji tried, he really did, to keep his eyes at a modest level, but with his love *naked* in front of him he couldn't be held responsible for his actions, "I have robes for Wei Ying."

Wei Wuxian sighed in relief at his thoughtful lover and walked to the tub not caring of the fact that he was naked. He let Lan Wangji help him into the tub and settled almost dizzily into the hot water.

Wei Wuxian looked up hopefully, "Can you wash my hair for me?"

Lan Wangji hummed his agreement took off his outer robe and tied back his inner robes. He scooped some water from the other basin and gently washed away the dirt from his lover's hair.

Wei Wuxian, not one for extensive silence, began speaking, "Lan Zhan, are you going to bathe too?"

"Mn. Later."

"Where are we going after this?"

"We have to meet Xioazhang at Tanzhou."

"Okay," Wei Wuxian was silent for a while, "I meant what I said."

Lan Wangji massaged the soap onto Wei Wuxian's scalp, "Mn?"

"About Demonic Cultivation. I don't want to cultivate it anymore but I don't know what else to do."

Lan Wangji continued to massage his hair thoughtfully, "Will help Wei Ying."

"Really?"

"Mn."

"Then... can you start by playing Cleansing?"

"Mn. After Wei Ying's bath."

Wei Wuxian relaxed more in the tub, letting his lover take care of him.

"Lan Zhan, when did you fall in love with me?"

Lan Wangji paused in washing Wei Wuxian's shoulders but it was only for a short while and he continued again.

He didn't answer.

Wei Wuxian grinned, "Oh-ho-ho. You don't want to answer. Fine. I'll tell you when I first fell for you. It was back at the Cloud Recesses lectures after we fought on the wall. I thought you were the most beautiful person I had ever seen. I was always trying to get your attention, always wanted your eyes on me not even knowing the reason why. And then when you had me copy scriptures, I understood that I didn't just want to be your friend. It wasn't until I asked my Shijie after the incident in the cold pond cave that I realized I was in love with you. I just never expected you to like me back."

Lan Wangji's ears were practically on fire by now, "When we first met I thought Wei Ying was beautiful. His smile captivated me and his laugh made my heart beat erratically every time you crossed my mind. I did not understand why my ears were always burning so much whenever I saw you. So, I ignored you. I distanced myself from you thinking that it would make the problem go away but it did not. Then the time came to supervise your punishment and it only got worse. So, I spoke to Xioazhang and he told me what I was feeling. After that, I could not stay away from you."

Wei Wuxian's face was as red as an apple by the end of Lan Wangji's confession. He was so out of it that he didn't even realize when Lan Wangji began washing his lower body. And when he did realize he just let Lan Wangji do it because he was too shocked to do it himself.

After he was washed and dried Lan Wangji gently lowered him onto the bed and went to fetch his robes.

Wei Wuxian smiled at his lover after he was finished, "Thank you, Lan Zhan."

Wei Wuxian was thankful that he had enough brain capacity to wash his mouth before Lan Wangji came back after disposing of the dirty bath water. Now he could kiss him all he wanted.

Wrapping his arms around Lan Wangji's neck, he pulled him over his spread-out body. Even though Lan Wangji's lips were thin, they were incredibly soft and smooth. Wei Wuxian only

meant for the kiss to be chaste but Lan Wangji seemed to have other plans. He swiped his tongue over Wei Wuxian's bottom lip and when he opened his mouth, he pushed his tongue against his. Wei Wuxian wasn't sure why he did it but he let out a low moan at the feeling. He spread his legs apart and lifted them to wrap around Lan Wangji's narrow waist.

Lan Wangji's lips left his to trail down his neck leaving bite marks that were bound to be there for the next few days.

On the sensitive part of his neck, Lan Wangji bit down with just enough pressure that it was sure to leave indents the size of his teeth.

Wei Wuxian couldn't help but buck his hips up at the overwhelming pleasure, "L-Lan Zhan... t-there is sensitive."

Lan Wangji smiled against his skin, "Mn. I know."

Wei Wuxian, voice breathless, continued to complain, "T-Then why d-do you keep- Ah!! Lan Zhan!"

Lan Wangji pressed a kiss to the reddening bruise and then one to Wei Wuxian's pouting lips.

"Lan Zhan, you're so mean to me."

Lan Wangji pressed another kiss to his lips before rising to his full height prompting Wei Wuxian to let go of his neck, "Hm? Where are you going?"

"Cleansing."

Wei Wuxian pouted again at his stupid idea, "Okay. Promise to continue after?"

"Mn."

Wei Wuxian sat up on the bed only to feel something wet at the back of his robes. Thinking it was just water from the bath he discarded the thought and watched as Lan Wangji went to fetch his Guqin.

Lan Wangji sat in front of Wei Wuxian and began the song after a moment. As soon as the first note rang out Wei Wuxian felt the resentful energy within him lash out, by the third note it was settled, and by the fifth note it soon began dispersing.

Wei Wuxian leaned back on his hands letting the music calm his mind and soul.

~

When the music was done and Lan Wangji had put away his Guqin, Wei Wuxian clambered into his lap.

"I remember some things, Lan Zhan..."

Lan Wangji wrapped his arms around Wei Wuxian's thin waist and buried his head in his lover's chest, "Mn?"

Wei Wuxian wrapped the tail of the Lan Sect's forehead ribbon around his wrist, "The Lan Sect's forehead ribbon is only meant to be touched by; the owner, family, and significant other. Isn't that right Lan Zhan?"

Wei Wuxian thought back to all the times he pulled on this piece of cloth without Lan Wangji's approval and couldn't help but feel a twinge of guilt. Then he also remembered that it practically belonged to him at this point and felt the guilt washing away.

"Mn."

Wei Wuxian giggled and pulled on it, "It also means to regulate one's self. Doesn't it?"

Lan Wangji stiffened a bit, "Mn..."

Wei Wuxian pulled the cloth off enjoying the Lan Wangji's eyes widened when it flashed in his line of sight, "So without it...?"

Lan Wangji immediately pressed Wei Wuxian into the bed, his lilting laughter fluttering around them, "It means that without it you don't have to restrain yourself."

Lan Wangji took Wei Wuxian's wrists into his hand and tied them together with his forehead ribbon.

Wei Wuxian was already breathless, "Lan Zhan? Are you going to take me now?"

Lan Wangji pressed down onto Wei Wuxian's wrists, "Does Wei Ying wish for me to take him now?"

Wei Wuxian began writhing, as his arousal hardened and his robes began to feel wetter, "Yes, please. Lan Zhan, I want you to take me right now. I can't wait any longer."

Lan Wangji didn't voice his agreement but began removing his robes anyway. When he reached Wei Wuxian's pants he stopped short when he saw the growing patch of wetness at the back. He hummed thoughtfully and pulled them flush down his legs ignoring Wei Wuxian's indignant squeak of surprise.

Wei Wuxian must have felt the wetness too because he sat up slightly, "L-Lan Zhan? What's that?"

Lan Wangji pushed him back onto the bed. He dragged a finger over Wei Wuxian's hole, watching fascinated as more of the substance immediately poured out, "Wei Ying is wet."

Wei Wuxian squeaked again, "W-Wet?!"



"Mn. It appears to be lubrication. It helps ease penetration. It is supposed to only happen to women."

Wei Wuxian was bordering on the edge of hysterical, "Then why is it happening to me?!"

Lan Wangji shrugged nonchalantly as if he already knew of this, "It must be the product of an immortal bloodline."

"O-Oh, okay. We can think about that after. Right now I need you to fuck me."

"Have to get Wei Ying ready first."

Lan Wangji stripped down to his pants and slid down onto his stomach between his lover's legs. He pushed Wei Wuxian's thighs apart and began placing kisses on the skin, biting wherever he felt like.

When he came face to face with Wei Wuxian's glistening hole he couldn't help but get a taste, "Sweet."

Wei Wuxian's hands came up to cover his red face, "Lan Zhan, who taught you to be this shameless?"

Lan Wangji didn't answer - couldn't - as his tongue began lapping at the sweet-tasting substance. The smell was intoxicating. It smelled of Lotus flowers and warmth and distinctly of Wei Wuxian.

A finger pushed in alongside his tongue, searching for the spot he read could bring immense pleasure. A second finger pushed in against the first and joined the search as well. He removed his tongue and focused entirely on searching. He curled his fingers and revelled in the way Wei Wuxian's back arched off the bed. He did it again and watched satisfied as Wei Wuxian began writhing at the overwhelming pleasure.

Wei Wuxian, "L-Lan Zhan! Lan Zhan, w-what's that?!"

He hummed but didn't answer.

Lan Wangji fucked another finger into him before pulling them out altogether. He pushed his pants down and off and then took his erection into his hand, stroking Wei Wuxian's slick over it.

Wei Wuxian on the other hand couldn't believe what Lan Wangji had just taken out of his pants. He knew Lan Wangji was big, large even, but he wasn't expecting this. Lan Wangji's length was roughly the size of Wei Wuxian's arm, it curved slightly at the top, veins trailing up and down the throbbing length. Wei Wuxian wanted to trace them with his tongue. Wei Wuxian now understood why Lan Wangji meant he had to get him ready, "H-Hanguang-jun, Lan Wangji, Lan Zhan, are you sure that's going to fit?"

Lan Wangji pulled his legs apart, then slid him down the bed so his legs rested between Wei Wuxian's parted ones, "It will fit."

Wei Wuxian bit his lip, "Lan Zhan, can I suck you off?"

Lan Wangji kissed Wei Wuxian's lips, "Later."

His cock nudged up against Wei Wuxian's loose hole who moaned at the feeling.

Releasing one of his lover's legs, he grabbed his erection in that hand and slid inside in one smooth thrust.

Tears spilled from Wei Wuxian's eyes at the burst of pain that accompanied the amazing pleasure. It was a new experience but he felt that he already loved it, "Lan Zhan, you're filling me up so good. It feels like you're in my- oh. Oh. Hanguang-jun, you're right here. Come, feel it," He pressed his hand to his lower stomach where the bulge of Lan Wangji's erection pressed against smooth skin. He pressed harder, loving that the slightest bit of pressure made Lan Wangji twitch in interest, "You're so deep."

Lan Wangji began to thrust in earnest. Smiling at his lover who smiled back at him with blurry eyes. Wei Wuxian looked positively debauched with his red, tear-stained cheeks, glistening eyes, and hair askew. He was a vision and Lan Wangji couldn't help but love him even more. He planted his forearms by Wei Wuxian's head and placed a breath-stealing kiss on his lips. The change in angle caused Lan Wangji's hard cock to press right up against a sensitive spot and the overwhelming pleasure made him cry out.

Wei Wuxian began writhing, "L-Lan Zhan, please! Please! Please!"

And who was Lan Wangji to deny his lover anything?

Sitting back on his heels, he placed both of Wei Wuxian's legs over his shoulder and drove his cock right into his lover's sweet spot, watching with bated eyes as his partner's back arched off the bed, mouth open in a silent scream as thick spurts of white shot from his cock. He didn't stop though, couldn't, not even when Wei Wuxian went limp and pliant beneath him.

The image of Wei Wuxian coming will be forever burned into his brain.

He lowered his head down for a kiss, letting his yang qi build along with his release, and after a few more thrusts, released both into Wei Wuxian's awaiting hole.

Wei Wuxian sighed dazedly, "Lan Zhan..."

Lan Wangji rolled over onto his back and pulled Wei Wuxian onto him, keeping him plugged up with his erection, "Wei Ying..."

Wei Wuxian rested his chin against his still tied-up hands and folded arms on Lan Wangji's chest. He gave a lazy smile, "That was amazing Lan Zhan. I can't believe we didn't do this back at the Cloud Recesses in the past."

Lan Wangji raised an eyebrow at him.

Wei Wuxian began rambling, "In the Library Pavilion, when I was misbehaving you could've pinned me against a bookshelf or onto the floor and had your way with me. Or even in the back mountains or the Jingshi. Lan Zhan, you could've fucked me against a wall!"

Lan Wangji offered a small smile.

"Lan Zhan, to make up for our past mistakes you have to fuck me every day."

Lan Wangji raised an eyebrow at him, "Every day?"

Wei Wuxian snickered quietly, "Mn. Though we'd have to be married first. We can't have your Uncle finding out about this now can we?"

Lan Wangji mumbled, "We are already married."

Wei Wuxian looked up from where he was tracing circles into Lan Wangji's chest, "Hm?"

Lan Wangji looked down at him, "We are already married. In the cold pond cave where we met my ancestor..."

Wei Wuxian stared up at him in shock, "You tied your forehead ribbon around my wrist and we bowed to her."

"Mn."

Wei Wuxian scrambled up making Lan Wangji's length press up inside him again, so his response came out a little breathless, "And you didn't tell me?!"

Lan Wangji's hands landed on his waist, "I'm sorry, I did not tell Wei Ying. We were dealing with the war and I did not know if Wei Ying returned my feelings..."

Wei Wuxian began rocking his hips slowly, "That's okay. You just have to make up for it now," He gave a mischievous smile down at his lover, "Husband."

They went for three more rounds that night.

~

The next morning Lan Wangji woke up at *maoshi*. But, now he woke up with the familiar presence of his lover pressed into his side. It had taken a while to get used to Mo Xuanyu's small body, as he often forgot that it was his Wei Ying. But, he found that at this moment he needed no time to get used to his lover's original one.

Wei Wuxian was - as expected - fast asleep. His naked body was curled up into a ball underneath the thin sheet the inn provided.

Lan Wangji stood up from the bed and placed on his robes. He turned Wei Wuxian over in the middle of the bed and then pulled the blanket up under his chin. He took a few moments to stare at his lover's beautiful face trying very hard to resist his inner temptations. He gave into the temptation anyway and placed a lingering kiss onto his lips only pulling away when he began to whine, "Lan Zhan... wait a few moments... until I'm fully awake... you can have me when I'm awake..."

Lan Wangji went to fetch water and after his bath, he bathed Wei Wuxian too. He dressed him, brushed his hair, and placed him back into bed.

He did his morning meditation. Then sat at the low table in the room and began reading a book. And then there was a knock on the door.

"Enter."

Lan Sizhui stepped inside. He held tea in his hands placed it on the low table and sat down in front of his father with a sigh. Lan Wangji, noticing his son's poor mood, poured some tea for both of them and waited patiently for him to speak.

After a few moments of silent tea sipping A-Yuan decided to speak up.

"I remember."

Lan Wangji was startled, "Everything?"

Lan Sizhui sighed, "Everything," He placed his head in his hands, "I remember the camps, my birth parents, the Burial Mounds... everything."

Lan Wangji looked at his distressed son with sad eyes, "Do you remember what they did?"

Lan Sizhui started crying, "I remember how they beat them up for tripping or falling. How they brutally murdered anyone who disobeyed their orders. I remember when Xian-gege took us to the Burial Mounds how he barely ate, barely slept, and barely left the cave for the first weeks we were there. Only thinking about protecting us and nothing else. How distressed and sad he looked when they came with a siege a-a-a-"

Lan Wangji came around and pulled his son into his arms watching as he fisted his robes and bawled his eyes out as quietly as he could. Right at that moment he looked like the three-year-old Lan Wangji brought back from the Burial Mounds. Sick and Scared.

"It is okay to feel this way A-Yuan. It is okay to have feelings because we are human and humans have feelings. It is okay to feel helpless. But, we do not have to be anymore, because we are stronger now. We will do anything to help the ones we love."

Lan Sizhui tried desperately to control his tears but they kept falling. Lan Wangji stroked a hand up and down his back in comfort.

"It is okay to want to lean on people A-Yuan. Especially me since I am your Baba and it is my job to take care of you. Then there's Jingyi, your brother, someone you know will always listen to you."

Lan Sizhui finally looked up and for a moment at that split second he looked a lot like Wei Wuxian with tears streaming down his puffy red cheeks and his pouty lips, "Baba?"

"Mn."

"And A-Die?"

As if sensing they were talking about him Wei Wuxian mumbled something unintelligible before curling back into the sheets. They both glanced over at him and couldn't help but smile at the adorable sight.

"Him as well."

Lan Wangji placed a kiss on his son's head, "We should get breakfast. Would you like to eat with us or your friends?"

Lan Sizhui stood up with a pout. He really looked Wuxian, "With you please."

~

When Wei Wuxian woke up it was to an empty room. Sitting up, he looked around. He spotted Bichen and Wangji placed against the wall by the door and a pot of tea and two tea cups perched on the low table. Wei Wuxian sighed quietly to himself, "He probably went to get breakfast. What an amazing husband I have."

Wanting to be a good husband too, he moved to get out of bed. Only to fall flat on his face due to the sheets tangled with his legs. He groaned in pain rubbing his chin and then his chest all the while grumbling under his breath about inns and their stupid sheets.

Feeling his legs tingle in discomfort he moved to rub them too only to stop short when he felt warmth spreading into his palm. He opened his robes and pressed harder onto his chest thinking that maybe it was his robes providing this much warmth but there it was, coming directly from his very own chest.

Trailing his hand down his lower dantian, he gasped in shock when he felt the strong buzzing of a golden core. His golden core.

Right at that moment the door opened and in walked Lan Wangji a tray of food in his hand.

Seeing his husband on the floor, a hand pressed to his chest and his mouth hanging open in shock he hurried over, placing the food on the low table on the way by.

Lan Wangji kneeled in front of his lover, "Wei Ying? Wei Ying, what is wrong?"

Wei Wuxian opened his mouth but nothing was coming out. Noticing his words failing him Wei Wuxian took his lover's hand into his own and placed it to his lower dantian watching as

Lan Wangji's face contorted in shock.

"H-How?"

It was the first time Wei Wuxian had heard Lan Wangji stutter and he bet he'd be laughing his ass off if he weren't about to do the same thing.

"I-I don't know. I woke up and it was there. Could it be t-that s-someone..."

He hoped that wasn't the case.

"Impossible. No one has been here and I have only been gone for a short time. Nobody could complete a golden core transfer in such a short time. Besides, only..."

Wei Wuxian sighed in relief, "...Only one person knew how to do it and she's not here anymore. Then if not that then how?"

Lan Wangji thought for a moment, "Dual Cultivation."

Wei Wuxian had read a bit about Dual cultivation in one of the books from the Lan Sect and Jiang Sect's library so he knew exactly what his husband was talking about.

Wei Wuxian threw himself into his husband's arms burying his face into his shoulder, "Thank You. Thank You, Lan Zhan. Thank You. After I gave Jiang Cheng my core I had long since given up the thought of ever using a sword again but now I can cultivate with a sword again. We can be equals again. Thank You, Lan Zhan. We can even cultivate immortality now. We can spend forever together."

"Mn. Will help Wei Ying. Will be with Wei Ying forever."

Wei Wuxian leaned back to stare at him with teary eyes and a smile. He grasped Lan Wangji's face into his hands and placed a lingering kiss on his lips.

When they pulled away Wei Wuxian was still smiling. He began peppering kisses all over his husband's face loving Lan Wangji's face and scrunched up at the feeling.

"Come. A-Yuan and A-Yi will be joining us for breakfast soon."

Wei Wuxian went willingly, "Okay."

Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi came knocking a minute later. They came with extra teacups. After they were in their respective seats they began their family breakfast. While the two eldest Lans were as quiet as Lans, Wei Wuxian and Lan Jingyi were talking about any and everything.

After they were finished eating and the dishes were left outside the door, they sat in silence enjoying the fragrant tea and each other's presence. Then, Lan Jingyi decided to ask the question that had been bothering him since he went to bed last night.

"A-Die about your core..."

"Hm?"

"Is it still possible to regrow one?"

Wei Wuxian placed down his teacup, "Right. My core. About that..." He began undoing his robes, and placed his sons' hands on his lower chest watching with amusement when his face contorted in shock, "I have one of those now."

Lan Sizhui felt the strong buzzing beneath his palm, "H-How?"

Wei Wuxian grinned, "Well, last night Lan Zhan and I-

"Wei Ying."

Wei Wuxian pouted and began retying his robes, "Fine. I'll only tell the boring bit. We Dual Cultivated."

They nodded in understanding even though their faces were bright red. Of course, they knew what the term meant. They were a part of the Gusu Lan Sect after all, "Is it permanent?"

Wei Wuxian returned to his spot, "We don't know. We'd have to find someone who is an expert in golden cores and the only person who would be able to fill that category-

"Is me."

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Enjoy...?

Perhaps this was all a dream, something his mind had concocted to comfort him after the traumatizing events at Mo Manor and Yi City. But, as he felt the warmth of Lan Wangji's hand resting on his thigh he knew that possibility was not true. The way his mind had dreamt of such a thing seemed too good to be true, too detailed to have been fake. So, staring at the woman standing in the middle of the room, he knew that this was real life.

"Q-Qing-Jie..."

Wen Qing was wearing what looked like a beaten-up black coat. She had the hood up but the fur that was meant to be there had all practically fallen out, leaving not much cover to shield her face. The coat stopped just two inches above the ground and was secured around her waist with a thin black belt.

Wen Qing gave him an assessing look, the way she always did at the Burial Mounds when she was searching for any possible injuries he would be hiding from her. There was none she could see.

Rushing forward, faster than anyone could comprehend, she launched herself at Wei Wuxian, flicking him against the forehead before pulling him into a tight hug, "You idiot! How could you just go and die right after I leave? How could all of this have happened?"

Wei Wuxian, still a little shocked, wrapped his arms around her before pulling back abruptly to get a look at her face. Wen Qing's cheeks were hollowed and tear-stained, her eyes red from irritation or from tears. Without the tears and eye irritation, she looked almost identical to how she was back at the Burial Mounds. Only ten times worse.

Wei Wuxian immediately brought her back into his arms, head nudged up against her shoulder, tears springing to his own eyes at the thought of what his sister had to have been going through, "Qing-jie... how?"

Wen Qing removed herself from the hug and turned to everyone else who had seen her lack of control. It was quite the spectacle. Feeling more blood rushing to her cheeks, she wiped her tears and opened her mouth to start talking.

Right at that moment Lan Jingyi recovered his shock and spoke before her, "Qing-jie? A-Die, is this Qing-*ayi*?"



Wen Qing narrowed her eyes at him, "Who are you?" Then she turned to Wei Wuxian, "A-Die? Wei Wuxian what is going on?"

Wei Wuxian turned to her and under the instinctual fear of her needles, he answered, "These are my little radishes that managed to survive the storm."

Wen Qing stared at him. Then she turned to stare at Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi who started to subtly squirm under her penetrative gaze, "What do you remember?"

Lan Sizhui, "I remember everything."

Lan Jingyi, "I remember nothing."

Wen Qing continued to stare at them in silence, quietly assessing them from where she was.

Lan Wangji, who noted his sons' discomfort, began looking for a way to get them out, "Wen-guniang, have you eaten?"

Hearing the question, Wei Wuxian shot up, suddenly remembering her hollowed cheeks and slight figure, "Right! Food and tea. Who knows where you were? What kind of predicament you were in? We should be feeding not questioning."

And before anyone could stop him, he was charging out the door with a determined look on his face.

When the door slammed shut, Wen Qing turned her assessing look to Lan Wangji. But, unlike his sons, Lan Wangji did not squirm under her gaze. He met it straight on.

"Hanguang-jun, are they really A-Yi and A-Yuan?"

Lan Wangji nodded his agreement and told her of how he had found the sick children in a dead warded tree wrapped in a frilly blanket and on the brink of death.

Wei Wuxian walked back into the room, a tray of food in hand and a gaggle of cultivators behind him. It seemed the rest was ready to come up.

Placing the tray on the table in front of her he pinned her with a stern look, "Eat."

Raising an eyebrow at him she questioned, "Who are you to order me around?"

"Well, I'm your precious di-"

"A-Jie?"

From the way Wei Wuxian was standing his back was obscuring any view the people behind had of in front of him. Wen Qing's eyes widened and she glanced around Wei Wuxian towards the voice and a high-pitched noise escaped her throat, "A-A-Ning."

Wei Wuxian sidestepped so she could rush to him without hindrance. The reunion was another teary one.

After everyone had calmed down and claimed their respective seats and Wen Qing had finished eating, she told her story.

*When she had surrendered herself to the Jin they had immediately carried her to the dungeons and left her there chained up for hours without food or water. When someone finally came, it was Jin Guangyao who said that they had burned her brother in front of the hundreds of cultivators and scattered his ashes to the wind. After, he left. The news was likely the only thing he was there for. When someone returned, it was a Jin Guard who informed her that Wei Wuxian was there to lay siege on Nightless City after he found out that they had been burned. He told her they were gonna kill him. That night Wen Qing wept for her little brothers whom she assumed she had lost.*

*Jin Guangyao returned after that with food and a sincere smile, expressing his deepest condolences for the death of her friend, Wei Wuxian. As it would turn out, the cultivators had lain siege to the Burial Mounds after Wei Wuxian had 'killed' Maiden Jiang on the battlefield at Nightless City. The siege was led by Jiang Cheng courtesy name Wanyin, Sect Leader of the YunmengJiang sect and Wei Wuxian's ex-marital brother. Now devastatingly sure she had lost all her remaining family, Wen Qing subjected herself to whatever experiments the Jins were planning to do to her. However, when Jin Guangyao appeared once again with a sincere smile on his face asking her to create a concoction that could kill someone instantly she refused wondering what he was thinking. He left, smile still in place, only now it had seen a little strained.*

*He came back again with food asking about the human body and the body of a cultivator and what over-exhausting one's body could do to them. Wen Qing answered him not thinking anything of it until she saw the gleam in his eyes. She had seen that gleam before, in her Uncle's eyes when he was the mad tyrant of the cultivation world. Now, it was here in the eyes of this man who appeared as innocent as her A-Ning.*

*That gleam meant he was going to kill someone.*

*And kill someone he did. When the Jin guards came to deliver her food they were talking about how Jin Guangshan had passed away in the most disgusting way possible and Jin Guangyao had risen to the position of sect leader. Jin Guangyao never showed up after that. Wen Qing assumed he had simply forgotten she existed and had moved on with his life. Those two guards were who continued to deliver her food for the rest days she was there. But, as it would turn out, it was not days she was inside of that dungeon. It was years.*

*One day the guards seemed particularly anxious to get out of the dungeons as quick as possible. So they missed a few steps under Wen Qing's restraints. Normally, they would seal her spiritual energy before they left. But, that day, they had forgotten to do so. So, they left without sealing her spiritual energy and left the door to the dungeon slightly open. Wen Qing took this chance to escape. Once she was safely out of Koi Tower, she began noticing little changes in the areas. Shocked, she tracked down a civilian who told her that it had been thirteen years since the siege.*

*The kind old lady had gifted Wen Qing her coat saying it was too cold to be walking around in nothing but rags. She gave her some food as well. Wen Qing travelled to Qinghe where she heard some whispering going around that the 'Mighty' Hanguang-jun was travelling around*

*with a crazy cut sleeve some suspected to be Wei Wuxian. She then heard that there were sightings of the Ghost General as well. Wen Qing knew not to get her hopes up. Then she saw them travelling to Yi City and then to this inn where they stayed and she followed until she eventually came and confronted them.*

After she was finished there was resounding silence. It was like a repeat of last night, only no one knew what to say.

Wen Qing, overjoyed to have a little of her family back, fell back into an old routine. She held out her hand and called out, "Wei Wuxian."

Not even thinking for a moment he handed over his wrist. He felt the familiar zing of her spiritual energy cleaning up his meridians and checking for internal injuries. When she reached his dantian she stopped short and let out a small *oh* and sent a burst of spiritual energy into the golden core there. She raised an eyebrow in shock at the sheer size of it.

Jin Ling, who was originally lost in thought, noticed this movement and perked up in worry, "What is it?"

Wen Qing glanced at him and then back at Wei Wuxian, "How many times did you do it?"

"What?"

"How many times did you do it last night?"

Wei Wuxian glanced at Lan Wangji in confusion then he noticed his husband's red ears and his entire face went red when he figured out her meaning, "W-Why are you asking that?"

Wen Qing gave him a blank stare, "Well, I'll need to know the amount of spiritual energy you had first and the amount that was given to you du-"

Wei Wuxian's face was practically flaming, "Okay! Okay! It was maybe three times..."

Jin Ling, "Three times what?"

"Wei Wuxian's current golden core is a product of multiple rounds of Dual Cultivation. The golden core itself is quite powerful. However, it is only temporary."

Lan Jingyi, "Well, how do you make it permanent?"

Wen Qing, "Naturally, one would need to build up a golden core with strict training regimens. But, Wei Wuxian has a golden core and one would need to take careful measures to manage such a thing. To make it permanent? It would simply take a couple of hours of daily meditation."

Knowing where this was going, Wei Wuxian had begun frowning, when his sister had finished speaking he had groaned and dropped his face into Lan Wangji's shoulder to hide his obvious disappointment, "Ugh."

Jin Ling seemed confused with Wei Wuxian's behaviour, "Uncle Xian, is there a problem with what she said?"

Wei Wuxian whined, "Of course, there's a problem!"

Wen Ning had a smile on his face, "You don't know this young master Jin, but Wuxian is unable to keep still and quiet for extended periods."

Jin Ling gave his uncle an incredulous look, which got him one right back.

Lan Sizhui was quietly laughing behind his sleeve, "A-Die used to repeatedly fail at staying still for his checkups so Qing-ayi used to always threaten him with her needles."

Lan Jingyi's eyes seemed to flash before recognition lit up his face, "I-I-I seem to remember s-something-ing like this happening," he turned to his brother with wide hopeful eyes, "Was it the time Baba came to visit and he helped A-Die wake up Uncle Ning?"

Lan Sizhui's eyes were also wide, "Yes! Do you remember anything else?"

Lan Jingyi scrunched up his brows wracking his memory for any remnants of his childhood, "I remember holding A-Die's hand as he walked up the path to the Burial Mounds. He was singing a song but I cannot remember the exact words nor what came before or after that."

When his eyes turned back to his audience, he was quite taken aback by their expressions. All of them looked quite weird in Jingyi's defence.

Wen Qing stared at her nephew before she held out her hand. He took it and stood along with her when she stood. Pulling him gently - so he wouldn't tumble onto the table - she placed her hands on his temple and a burst of spiritual energy shot from her fingertips.

The room watched with bated breaths as this was going on.

Wen Qing released his head her hands lingering affectionately for a minute before she sat back down, "He will remember."

Wei Wuxian glanced at her but in his periphery, he saw a head with a mop of black hair staring blankly at the ground. Wei Wuxian's brain lit up, an idea forming, "Check him!" He pointed at Mo Xuanyu, "Jie, you have to check and see if he can form a core!"

Wen Qing glanced at the shocked Mo Xuanyu, "Uh, what?"

Wen Qing held out her hand, "Hand."

Seeing Wen Qing's serious face he gave her his hand out of fear. Wen Qing began the process, a thoughtful expression taking over her face. She released his hand after a while and took a sip of tea, "It is possible."

Jin Ling, "How?"

She turned to stare at Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji with a determined look on her face. After she stared for a while the rest understood what she meant, they all looked away flushed.

Lan Sizhui questioned, "Who will he perform the...sessions with?"

Wei Wuxian gave Wen Ning a look. Wen Ning blinked at him owlshly. Wei Wuxian stared at him some more. Wen Ning mouthed the word 'me' at him to which Wei Wuxian answered with a rapid nodding of his head. It gained the attention of everyone.

Wen Ning looked at him, clearly wondering if his brother was serious. Wei Wuxian gestured to his wrist, diverting his attention there. He gestured wildly back and forth between his wrist and the space in front of it. Wen Ning furrowed his brows and shook his head, still not getting it. Wei Wuxian pouted and grabbed Lan Wangji's wrist and started his wide gestures between his and Lan Wangji's wrist. Wen Ning finally realized what his brother was trying to tell him, "I will do it."

Mo Xuanyu seemed to be really confused about what had just happened, "Uh... what was that?"

Wei Wuxian smiled but didn't offer him an answer. He believed his smile was answer enough.

Wen Qing, "Are you comfortable with that?"

Mo Xuanyu, "I-I guess." *But, really, what was that?*

|~|

Wei Wuxian was seated in warm water. He was singing WangXian softly under his breath as he bathed away the stress of the day. It was late afternoon nearing evening. They would need to hurry if they wanted to reach Tanzhou on time.

On the other side of the privacy screen, Lan Wangji was reading a book waiting for his husband to finish his bath so they could leave. (They had already packed and Lan Wangji had taken his bath before) He paused, hearing the tune Wei Wuxian was singing. He then smiled and began softly singing along with him.

Wei Wuxian was incredibly happy, "Ah, Lan Zhan don't you think this could use some work?"

Lan Wangji, "Mn?"

The water splashed as he moved towards the edge of the tub to grab his towel to dry off, "The bathing system. I mean, isn't it a hassle to get water, use it then dispose of it and repeat the cycle?"

"Hm," Lan Wangji hummed in agreement. It was indeed quite a hassle. But, if it was asked of him he would do it, "Does Wei Ying have something in mind?"

Wei Wuxian hummed, nodding to himself as he put on his robes, "Just think of how easy it would be simply to enter the bathing area and the water already being there. I'm not talking about the way servants fill them in the sects - That'd be blasphemous - I mean I'm trying to upgrade not give people more work to do. And don't you think it's a bit presumptuous of them to let their 'servants' do everything for them and don't-

"Wei Ying."

Wei Wuxian walked out from behind the privacy screen, after having disposed of the bath water with a heating talisman, "Ah, yes, we were talking about the bath system and not the disrespectful sect leaders and their disciples."

Lan Wangji placed his book down and motioned for Wei Wuxian to sit in front of him. He happily complied and when he sat down Lan Wangji pulled out a comb and hair oil ready to fix Wei Wuxian's hair for him. Wei Wuxian leaned his head back a little as Lan Wangji began, "The point is, if we could simply, I don't know, turn something, and then there was immediately water running. We could fill buckets and other things or place the bath directly under the system or heck we could bathe right there."

Lan Wangji seemed to be thinking this over as well. Even as his oil-slicked fingers continued running through Wei Wuxian's hair. He pulled out a white ribbon just as he seemed to come to some sort of conclusion, "Rain."

Wei Wuxian was about to turn but then thought better of it, "Mn?"

"It would perhaps be like rain."

Wei Wuxian placed a hand on his chin as he began thinking this over. Even after Lan Wangji was finished with tying his hair up he didn't move to get ready to leave. Instead, he had somehow managed to crawl into Lan Wangji's lap throughout his thought process. With his hand still on his chin and Lan Wangji's hands wrapped around his waist, he spoke, "Naturally we'd have to have somewhere to keep the water as we can't wait on the rain every time," His brows scrunched up, "And we'd have to have some way to bring the water to the designated area without lifting a single bucket... hm..." He grabbed a sheet of paper and a brush and began to draw out whatever he had in mind. Lan Wangji's chin rested slightly on his shoulder gazing down at the paper and his lover's erratic hands. When Wei Wuxian was finished he held up the paper and stared at it, "What do you think Lan Zhan?"

Lan Wangji stared at the drawing of what looked like a pond with several sticks running from the bottom of it, to what looked like another piece of stick running into the wall and a stone protruding from where it jutted out again. The stone seemed to have holes and was letting out water in what seemed to be what Wei Wuxian thought he meant when he said rain. There were also two stones sticking out of the wall as well. Lan Wangji pointed at them, "What are these for?"

Wei Wuxian, "They are for controlling the water. If you turn it one way it turns it on the other way is off. I haven't decided which is which yet. Oh, there's also hot and cold for those who prefer."

"I see," Lan Wangji said pressing a kiss to Wei Wuxian's cheek, "Excellent."

Wei Wuxian flushed slightly from the praise, but he ignored it, "I don't like this though," He pointed at the pond, "Remember how I said I don't want to rely on the rain too much?" At Lan Wangji's nod, he continued, "I want a natural source that won't just run out anytime. Like a- Uh-"

"Waterfall."

"Yes! Something like that! I'll see what there is to work with first."

"What will you name it?"

Wei Wuxian tapped his chin, his feeling to cause mischief rising again, "Hmm, how about Rain Showers?"

Lan Wangji gave him a look that said he was not impressed. Wei Wuxian laughed, "Just showers?"

Lan Wangji patted him on the thigh, "Let us go."

"Heh? But, you never said if you approved." Wei Wuxian stood up regardless.

Lan Wangji pulled him into a kiss when he was on his feet as well. It was probably answer enough. When he pulled away Wei Wuxian was a little dazed. Lan Wangji huffed an amused breath and carried their stuff and his husband out of the inn room and downstairs.

Wei Wuxian was still dazed the whole way there.

|~|

"You mustn't run away anymore. You must face your problems head-on," He placed his hands on his hips, "And don't be scared of your Uncle. He may threaten to break your legs but he'll never actually do it."

Jin Ling pursed his lips and nodded his head along with his Uncle Xian's words. He didn't want to leave but he had to make sure Jiang Cheng wouldn't worry about him more than necessary.

He would regardless.

Jin Ling, "Okay. I understand Uncle Xian."

Wei Wuxian, "Good," Then he was pulled into a tight hug, "Be careful."

This wasn't the first time they had hugged but it always surprised him when it happened. Jiang Wanyin wasn't great at giving comfort, his Uncle Yao wasn't available and there was never anyone he would get along with in his sect. He wasn't ready to admit it to the world yet but he loved this.

They hugged for a while before Wei Wuxian pulled back and caressed his cheek lovingly, "Go, you don't want to keep him waiting."

Jin Ling nodded and turned around and left feeling quite dejected in doing so.

"Wei Ying."

Wei Wuxian turned to where Lan Zhan was waiting for him the others only a few feet behind him. Ah, it seemed Ouyang Zizhen had finally awoken.

He strolled over and fell dramatically into Lan Wangji's arms, "Is everyone ready to go?"

Lan Wangji tightened his arms around his waist, "Mn."

Wei Wuxian let Lan Wangji guide him over to the gaggle of cultivators who were ready to depart on their respective ways to their sects. He spotted Mo Xuanyu somewhere near the back stealing bashful glances at Wen Ning who was also *blushing*.

He told Lan Zhan what he was going to do and excused himself. He walked over and placed his hands on both their foreheads making them jump, "My, have you both come down with something? You're quite red in the face."

Both of them went darker shades of red.

Wen Ning, "We are not sick."

Wei Wuxian, "Oh? Then is it suddenly quite hot? You just got redder, quite unusual for a fierce corpse don't you think?"

Wen Ning looked pained, "Wuxian, please."

Wei Wuxian laughed, absolutely delighted at teasing such a reaction from his brother, "Sorry, it's just that you're both quite adorable, looking like this. I actually wanted to speak to Mo Xuanyu for a bit. May I?"

They nodded and Wei Wuxian led him a few feet away, "I was wondering if you had any ideas."

Mo Xuanyu, "Excuse me?"

Wei Wuxian, "After we're finished with the matter of your half-brother, do you know where you wish to go?"



Mo Xuanyu shook his head, "I do not."

He seemed to want to know if Wei Wuxian was asking him to get lost.

Wei Wuxian was not, "If you don't have ideas it's okay if you stay with us."

Mo Xuanyu, "What?"

Wei Wuxian, "If you have nowhere to go you are welcome to stay with us for as long as you like."

Mo Xuanyu, "Really? You're serious."

Wei Wuxian, "As serious as I'll ever be."

Mo Xuanyu moved to now, "Thank You."

Wei Wuxian pulled him up anyway, "None of that. Let's get back before Wen Ning starts to worry if I stole his wife."

Mo Xuanyu's face flushed an impossible shade of red. It made Wei Wuxian laugh so loud a few people turned to look at them. But Wei Wuxian didn't pay them any mind.

*Two new easily flustered members added to his family. He was going to have some fun with this.*

~

He still couldn't believe it.

Did Lan Xichen have that much fate in Jin Guangyao?

*After they had reached Tanzhou, the juniors immediately began telling stories, Wen Qing and Wen Ning went out to find firewood and Lan Wangji went to find his brother. Wei Wuxian thought that would be his chance to finally tease all the juniors into admitting him to being the best senior. But, then their dear friend interrupted and after a very deadly game of hide and seek, they were finally able to subdue it and figure out that the body was of Nie Mingjue brother of Wei Wuxian's friend Nie Huaisang.*

Now Lan Xichen was stubbornly refusing all the signs that were pointing towards the person who murdered his sworn brother.

Wei Wuxian, "Zewu-jun all signs point towards him."

Lan Xichen, "I know him. A-Yao would not do something like this."

Lan Wangji began putting the body parts into stronger Qiankun pouches, "Xiongzhong there are the witnesses."

Lan Xichen had also found out about the Wen siblings. He was not thrilled. He had even refused to believe they were ever in the Jin sect in the first place but, he had seen them for himself on that fateful day.

Lan Xichen sighed and did not answer again. They did not either. They finished and returned to their camp, none keen and continuing their conversation.

They had their dinner and returned to their respective sleeping areas, never speaking of the incident again that night.

~

The next morning, Wei Wuxian was last awake. The first thing he was greeted with was his sister's angry face, "Not what I expected to be looking at first thing in the morning."

Wen Qing's face turned even darker.

Wei Wuxian noticed she looked more worried than angry, "Jie? Is something wrong?"

Wen Qing shrugged, "I don't know," She swallowed, "I came in here to check on your core development and health and then I came upon that."

Wei Wuxian was sitting up now, "Came upon what?"

Wen Qing took a very deep breath, "It appears that Lan Wangji has gotten you pregnant in your last dual cultivation session."

Wei Wuxian blinked at her a few times, "What?"

"Pregnant Wuxian, you are pregnant."

"Bu- but Jie, I'm a man!"

"Yes, I am aware of that fact."

"Then how?!"

Wen Qing glanced up, quite amused at his hysterics, "Well, you are indeed a man. A very special one at that. You seem to continuously forget that you are somehow related to an immortal."

Wei Wuxian glared at her but remained still as she checked him. He couldn't believe that he - *a man* - had gotten pregnant after just one dual cultivation session.

He blames Lan Wangji.

"You are only one day along so it is still way too early to find out anything," She packed up her things, "It is also at its most vulnerable so if you want to get rid of it-"

Wei Wuxian unconsciously put his hands over his stomach and shook his head quite defiantly at his sister.

Wen Qing, "Then get some rest," She turned to leave, "And you will have to tell him."

Wen Wuxian, "I will."

And she was gone, leaving Wei Wuxian to his thoughts.

And as he pondered he would eventually fall back to sleep.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

Enjoy!

Some of the descriptions of people, places and speech came from the novel itself.  
(ExiledRebelsScanlations)

The time of the Discussion Conference at Koi Tower came within the blink of an eye.

Wei Wuxian had yet to tell his husband about his recent findings. He was going to, but his lover was what one would call overprotective and worrismatic. If Lan Wangji found out Wei Wuxian was pregnant he would most likely settle him down into an inn and carry on with the mission himself or he would simply let someone else take care of it. He decided to wait until they had closed the case. He told his sister this and while she was not exactly pleased she knew it was true.

Hopping off the carriage Wei Wuxian stopped in front of the murals and stared for a while. Lan Wangji also stopped, waiting for him.

From not far away, a disciple declared, "Sect Lan of Gusu, please enter here."

"Let us go."

Wei Wuxian went willingly.

Multiple parts were situated before the square. Sects entered incessantly, yet orderly.

As soon as he showed up, Jiang Cheng stole a glance at them. Walking over, he spoke indifferently, "Zewu-Jun, Hanguang-Jun."

Lan Xichen greeted him, "Sect Leader Jiang."

Lan Wangji gave him a barely noticeable nod.

Wei Wuxian snickered quietly to himself at that. He knew his husband didn't like his ex-marital brother but Lan Wangji was at least trying to be polite for Wei Wuxian's sake and it was quite amusing to watch.

The two sect leaders seemed preoccupied for a while, and then Jiang Cheng asked a stupid question, "Hanguang-Jun, I've never seen you at Koi Tower's Discussion Conferences before. Why the sudden interest?"

Neither Lan Xichen nor Lan Wangji replied. Luckily, Jiang Cheng wasn't looking for an answer for he had already turned to Wei Wuxian looking as if he wanted to kill him right then and there, "If I remember correctly, wasn't it that you too never took needless personnel with you when travelling. What's the situation this time? Once in a blue moon? Now, who is this renowned cultivator? Could someone please introduce him to me?"

Suddenly, a smiling voice appeared from behind, "Er-Ge, why didn't you tell me that Wangji was coming too?"

The owner of Carp Tower - Lianfang-Zun, Jin Guangyao - had personally come out to greet them.

Jin Guangyao was born with quite an advantageous face. His skin was fair and he had a vermilion mark embellished on his forehead. His pupils were distinct against the white of his eyes, appearing lively but not frivolously. His features appeared rather clean, and attractive yet also ingenious. The shadow of a smile that's always perched by the corner of his lips and his brows revealed at once his clever character. Such a face was enough to earn the love of women but still wouldn't evoke the vigilance or aversion of men; the elderly would think of him as sweet, while the young would think of him as amicable. Even if one didn't like him, they definitely wouldn't hate him either, which was why his face was "advantageous". Although his figure was a bit small, his calm demeanour was more than enough to make up for it. Donning a cap made of black gauze, he wore the LanlingJin sect formal uniform, a blooming Sparks Amidst Snow crest over the front of his round-collared robe. With a nine-ringed belt at his waist, liuhe boots at his feet, and a right hand pressing down on the hilt of the sword hung by his side, he let out a powerful aura of inviolability.

Jin Guangyao could remember the name, title, age, and appearance of a person after just one encounter. Even after a few years, he'd be able to greet them without any fault, often carrying out solicitous conversations as well.

He would have immediately recognized Mo Xuanyu. Yet, Mo Xuanyu wasn't there. At least not in the flesh. Wei Wuxian had simply placed a talisman on his person that had a few drops of Mo Xuanyu's blood to create an illusion so the people around him would see Mo Xuanyu and not him. But, it was a recently created talisman and it was the first time in use so it had a few problems. Like, it could only last twenty-four hours and if removed that time would shorten tremendously. However, Jin Guangyao didn't stop to wonder why his half-brother was suddenly back at Koi Tower and continued towards Lan Xichen not a question in his eyes to ask why two of the best cultivators in history were prancing around with a lunatic cut sleeve.

Jin Ling followed Jin Guangyao over there. He still didn't dare meet Jiang Cheng alone, "Uncle."

Jiang Cheng scowled, "So you still know I'm your uncle?"

Jin Ling quickly tugged at the back of Jin Guangyao's robe, "Now, Sect Leader Jiang, A-Ling knows he's wrong. During these past few days he'd been so scared you'd punish him, he hadn't eaten well. Let's not bother him about it so much."

Jin Ling hurried, "Yes, yes. Uncle can prove it. My appetite's been bad."

"Your appetite's been bad? Looking at your complexion I'd say it has been great."

As Jin Ling was about to answer he spotted Wei Wuxian behind Lan Wangji and brightened up but tried to hide it, "You're here! Why?"

Wei Wuxian smirked, "What do you think?"

"Are you going to cause problems again?"

Wei Wuxian remembered that he was still wearing the talisman and that Jin Ling likely thought he was speaking to Mo Xuanyu, not Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian pouted, "When have I ever caused trouble?"

Jin Ling pulled a face, looking quite a lot like Jiang Cheng, "You always cause problems when you're here."

"You little brat..."

Jin Guangyao pushed Jin Ling further behind him, "Come now. Er-Ge, have a seat first. I'm going to check over there and make arrangements for Wangji as well."

Lan Xichen nodded, "There is no need for the trouble."

Jin Guangyao, "How is this trouble? Er-Ge, you don't have to be so polite now that you're at my place."

If Jin Guangyao had seen someone more than twice, he'd remember all of their likes and dislikes, therefore able to cater to their needs. This time, since Lan Wangji came to Carp Tower without advance notice, Jin Guangyao didn't arrange for his table. At the moment, he was immediately on the way to do so.

After entering the Glamour hall, they took their seats. After he seated a maid immediately began pouring him liquor. Wei Wuxian didn't know how to tell her he couldn't drink alcohol at that very moment so he just smiled awkwardly at her, "Thanks."

As if receiving a shock the maid gasped and bowed, dashing away. Whispers immediately began. Not thinking too much of it, Wei Wuxian turned to his husband, "Uh, Hanguang-Jun?"

Lan Wangji turned to him, "Yes?"

Wei Wuxian pouted to the side, "At the present moment I can't drink liquor, do you have tea?"

Lan Wangji pushed a cup of tea towards him, "Is Wei Ying unwell?"

Wei Wuxian took it with his pout now straight, "Ah, No. Qing-jie forbade me from drinking any liquor until she gives me the go-ahead, so I'll be good and listen to her."

Lan Wangji, "Wei Ying is good."

Wei Wuxian flushed a pretty pink, looking away from the visibly pleased Hanguang-Jun. Placing the cup down he coughed lightly into his sleeve, "A-Anyway, my core will be permanent in a couple of hours. You know what this means, Lan Zhan?"

Lan Wangji was still staring at him, "Mn. Congratulations, Wei Ying."

Wei Wuxian gave him a grin, "It's all thanks to you."

At that moment he took a glance around him. Noticing all the peculiar stares he scooted a little closer to Lan Wangji, "Hanguang-Jun."

"Yes?"

"A lot of people know about Xuanyu. They might try to have a conversation with me and it might make you lose face so you can't leave my side."

"As long as Wei Ying doesn't provoke anyway first."

Wei Wuxian opened his mouth to respond but at that moment Jin Guangyao returned with a petite woman hanging off his arm.

This woman was his wife, Qin Su, mistress of Carp Tower.

The two had been the representation of loving couples in the cultivation world for the past few years, holding mutual respect. Everyone knew that Qin Su was born into the LaolingQin Sect, a subsidiary clan of the LanlingJin Sect. Qin Cangye, the leader of the LaolingQin Sect, happened to be a subordinate who had followed Jin Guangshan for years. Although Jin Guangyao was Jin Guangshan's son, the two were originally somewhat ill-suited for each other due to his mother's status. However, during the sunshot campaign, Qin Su had been saved by Jin Guangyao. She fell in love with him and never gave up, insisting that she wanted to be his wife. In the end, they finally drew the period on such a romantic story. Jin Guangyao didn't let her down either. Even though he held the important position of Chief Cultivator, his behaviour was drastically different from his father's. He never took in any concubines, much less had a relationship with any other woman. This was indeed something that many wives of sect leaders envied.

After the couple had been seated they raised their glasses in a toast, "Let the banquet commence."

The cultivators voiced their agreement.

Wei Wuxian didn't immediately begin eating but was looking over all his choices. There were multiple things he didn't want to eat or drink at the moment - alcohol being one of them - due to fear of hurting his child. So, he chose carefully, all the while listening to what was going on around him.

"Isn't that Mo Xuanyu? Why is he back here? Have he no shame?"

"And he arrived with the Twin Jades of Lan. More specifically Lan Wangji. You don't think he... they..."

"Impossible! You couldn't possibly think that Hanguang-Jun, the light of the Cultivation World would be lugging around with that insane cut sleeve for any other reason than to keep him in check."

"I'm not so sure. I heard that isn't even Mo Xuanyu but the Yiling Patriarch himself! He stole Mo Xuanyu's body so that he could finally take revenge on us."

"No way!"

Wei Wuxian placed his chopsticks down, and his appetite was suddenly lost. Glancing up, his gaze caught Jin Ling who tried to give him an encouraging smile but it came out awkward.

Lan Wangji, noticing he wasn't eating, gave him a confused look. Wei Wuxian, not wanting his husband to worry, took his tea into his hands and began sipping it hoping this banquet would be over faster.

Night had already fallen when the banquet ended. The Discussion Forum would officially begin the next morning. In groups of two and three, the crowd slowly exited the hall, walking toward the guest chambers that the disciples had directed them to. Since Lan Xichen seemed rather absent-minded, Jin Guangyao looked as though he wanted to ask what the matter was. Yet, just as he approached and called out, "Ge," another person threw himself over and wailed, "Ge!"

Jin Guangyao almost stepped back from the force. He quickly fixed his cap with one hand, "Huaisang, calm down. What's wrong?"

Such an unbecoming sect leader could only be the QingheNie Sect's Head Shaker. And, of course, the drunk Head Shaker was even more unbecoming. With a ruddy face, Nie Huaisang refused to let go, "Oh, Ge! What do I do?! Can you help me again? I promise that this is the last time!"

Jin Guangyao, "Wasn't last time's situation dealt with by the people I found you?"

Nie Huaisang cried, "Last time situation was done but this time there's a new situation! Ge, what should I do?! I don't want to live anymore!"

Looking at how it seemed like something few words couldn't explain, Jin Guangyao could only turn to Qin Su, "A-Su, you can go back first. Huaisang, let's find somewhere and sit down. There's no need to hurry..."

He started walking outside with Nie Huaisang leaning on him. When Lan Xichen came to see what was going on, he was also dragged along by the drunken Nie Huaisang.

Qin Su saluted Lan Wangji, "Hanguang-Jun, I don't think you've come to Lanling for the Discussion Conferences since quite some years ago. I apologize if the reception was inadequate in any way."



Lan Wangji bowed to her as well but offered no rebuttal.

She glanced at Wei Wuxian, an unreadable expression on her face, "Then I will take my leave."

Wei Wuxian walked slowly, thinking over that encounter, and peered around the room. Not seeing the person he wanted to talk to he turned to Lan Wangji.

Wei Wuxian, "Lan Zhan, I'm going to go talk to A-Ling. Watch Jiang Cheng for me. It's best if he doesn't find me."

Lan Wangji, "Wei Ying must not go too far."

Wei Wuxian, "If I'm gone for too long let's meet in our room tonight."

Wei Wuxian gave him a sweet smile and headed towards the rock garden where he knew his nephew was to be.

Wei Wuxian, "A-Ling."

Jin Ling perked up, snapping around from where he was staring into the little pond, "Uncle Xian! Or is it Uncle Xuanyu?"

Wei Wuxian peeled off the glowing red talisman stuck to his body, "It's me."

Jin Ling relaxed when his uncle came to stand next to him, "Where are the others?"

Wei Wuxian stared at the glowing yellow paper in his hand, "They stayed at an inn not far from here," He hummed thoughtfully, "A-Ling, I've got a question."

Jin Ling, "Hm?"

Wei Wuxian, "Which person from your sect did your Uncle Xuanyu 'harass'?"

Jin Ling's lips scrunched up, "It was Uncle Yao."

Uncle Yao? Lianfang-Zun? Jin Guangyao?

Wei Wuxian assumed that much, "That's why Madam Jin was giving me such a weird look just now."

Jin Ling wanted to ask what he meant when suddenly Wei Wuxian slapped the talisman back onto his person and watched as a few disciples jumped out from the garden.

The boys slowly approached them. The one leading the group was a boy of around the same age but with a wider physique than Jin Ling, "I thought I saw wrong. It is him."

Wei Wuxian pointed to himself, "Me?"

The boy, "Who other than you?! Mo Xuanyu, you still have the face to return?"

Jin Ling frowned, "Jin Chan, why did you come? It's none of your business here."

*It's the child A-Ling was telling me about. The son of Jin Zixun who was exactly like his father.*

Jin Chan, "It's none of my business, but is it any of yours? Why do you care about me?"

As he spoke, three of the boys came over as if they were about to hold Wei Wuxian down - as if he'd let them in the first place - but Jin Ling sidestepped and put himself in front of Wei Wuxian, "Don't mess around."

Jin Chan, "Mess around? What's wrong with teaching a lesson to an indecent disciple of our sect?"

Jin Ling snorted, "Wake up! He's been kicked out a long time ago! No matter how you put it, he isn't a disciple anymore!"

Jin Chan, "So what?"

The 'so what' sounded so self-assured that Wei Wuxian was flabbergasted. Jin Ling replied, "So what? Have you forgotten who he came with today? Why don't you go ask his husband, Hanguang-Jun if you can teach him a lesson?"

Wei Wuxian almost busted out laughing at his nephew's slip-up. Jin Ling gave him a look.

Hearing the name 'Hanguang-Jun' the boys all seemed nervous. Even if Lan Wangji wasn't present nobody dared to claim they weren't afraid of him.

Wei Wuxian felt so proud of his husband.

After a while of silence, Jin Chan responded, "Ha, Jin Ling, didn't you use to hate him? How come today is so different?"

Jin Ling, "How come you say such different things? Who said I hated him?"

Jin Chan, "He shamelessly harassed Lianfang-Zun and you're still talking in his favour?"

Wei Wuxian will forever not be shocked when he hears that.

Jin Chan and Jin Ling exchanged a few more words, they'd somehow gotten to the point of seeking a fight with each other. Neither saw the other in a good light, to begin with. Jin Ling asserted, "If you want to fight let's fight. Leave my Uncle out of it."

They assumed he was talking about Jin Guangyao.

One of the boys shouted, "Why not? He's just going to call his dog anyway!"

Jin Ling heard this just as he was about to whistle. He forced through clenched teeth, "I can beat you up even if I don't call Fairy!"

Although his tone was ample with confidence two fists were hardly enough for four hands. After he started to fight it was clear he wasn't going to win. He appeared to be losing ground, forced closer and closer to Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian suddenly grabbed his hand. Before Jin Ling had the chance to yell, he felt an overwhelming force press onto his wrist. He couldn't help but collapse onto the ground. Surprised he asked, "Do you want to die?"

Wei Wuxian wanted to reply with, *as if you could kill me*, but decided against it.

As he put Jin Ling down, the person who had been protecting him, Jin Chan, and the others were shocked, "Do you get it?"

Jin Ling overcame his surprise, "What?"

Wei Wuxian did it again, "Do you get it?"

Feeling a numbing pain travel from his wrist to his entire body, Jin Ling cried out. Before his eyes, however, he saw Wei Wuxian's swift subtle movement. Wei Wuxian spoke again, "Again. Look carefully."

One of the boys happened to rush over. With one hand behind his back, Wei Wuxian used the other to snatch the boy's wrist. He brought him to the ground in the blink of an eye. This time Jin Ling saw what was going on and was immediately back on his feet. The aching part on his wrist told him which acupoint to send his spiritual energy to, "Yes!"

The situation was reversed in an instant. Not long later, the boys' frustrated cries resounded throughout the garden. In the end, Jin Chan fumed, "Just wait, Jin Ling!"

A trail of curses followed as the boys fled in defeat. Jin Ling, on the other hand, split his sides laughing at them. He turned to Wei Wuxian, "Thank You, Uncle Xian."

Wei Wuxian ruffed his hair up some more, "You look really happy. First time winning?"

Jin Ling swatted his hand away and fixed his hair, "I've always won one-on-one fights but Jin Chan likes to call in extras so it's kind of difficult."

Wei Wuxian now realized the sad fact that his nephew had zero friends his age besides Lan Sizhui, Lan Jingyi, and Ouyang Zizhen all of whom did not reside in LanlingJin. He pouted at his thoughts.

Jin Ling, "Hey, where did you learn that move?"

Wei Wuxian smirked, "My Husband taught me."

Jin Ling's face flushed but he still looked bewildered, "No way. Hanguang-jun?"

Wei Wuxian's face took on a thoughtful expression, "Mn. Back when we were your age, I annoyed him so much that when his sword wasn't in his reach, he'd find other ways to punish me."

Jin Ling's face took on a darker shade of pink at Wei Wuxian's words, "He even teaches you these things?"

Wei Wuxian, "Sure, he does. But, this is only a small trick. You can't use it too many times or else they'll catch on. You wanna learn a few more moves?"

Jin Ling's eyes brightened up, then dimmed, "My Uncle Yao has always advised me otherwise."

Wei Wuxian, "Advised you? Against what? Don't fight and get along with everyone?"

Jin Ling, "Pretty much."

Wei Wuxian, "Don't listen to him. Let me tell you- when you grow older, you'll find that there are more and more people you'll want to beat up, but you'll have to force yourself to get along with them nicely. So, since you're still young, beat up all the people you want. At such a young age, if you don't have a few proper fights your life won't be complete."

Jin Ling's face depicted yearning yet he still wanted to listen to his Uncle.

Wei Wuxian laughed at his nephew's face, "A-Ling, I was only joking. I was only telling you about the tricks so you'd come to train with Jingyi, Sizhui, Lan Zhan, and me."

Jin Ling's eyes lit up again, "Really?"

Lan Wangji, "Mn."

They both turned to see Lan Wangji standing there, white robes catching and reflecting the light from the moon. Looking as ethereal as always. Wei Wuxian smiled at him before turning back to his gaping nephew.

Wei Wuxian, "Will you come A-Ling?"

Jin Ling, "Yes!" He bowed, over excited, and almost toppled over, "Good Night, Uncle Xian! Hanguang-Jun!"

He took off in the opposite direction.

Wei Wuxian huffed a laugh and finally ran to greet Lan Wangji. Lan Wangji smiled at him and Wei Wuxian gave him one back despite the stuttering in his chest. When they were finally walking in step with each other Wei Wuxian started talking.

Wei Wuxian, "Hanguang-Jun, you're here! Did you know? Xuanyu was kicked out of Carp Tower because he harassed Jin Guangyao. So that was why everyone looked at me so weirdly!"

Wei Wuxian didn't truly think that Mo Xuanyu would harass Jin Guangyao without purpose but he didn't have the evidence to make that assumption so he'd have to wait to ask him himself.

Lan Wangji didn't reply. Wei Wuxian continued, "Neither you nor Zewu-Jun knew about this. You didn't even know who Mo Xuanyu was. It seems like the LanlingJin Sect had been keeping the whole thing hushed. Now this explains why. After all, Mo Xuanyu had the sect leader's blood in him. If Jin Guangshan didn't want such a son, he would've never taken him back. If it was as simple as harassing someone from the same sect, he would've gotten away with a few scoldings. It wouldn't have been enough for him to be kicked out. But if the one he harassed was Jin Guangyao, things would've been a bit different. This wasn't only Lianfang-Zun, but also Mo Xuanyu's stepbrother. It truly was..."

It truly was a scandal. The matter had to be entirely uprooted. Of course, it was impossible to do anything to Lianfang-Zun, so they could only chase Mo Xuanyu away.

The Jin clan's sense of justice was truly pathetic.

Wei Wuxian remembered that earlier on, during their encounter in the square, Jin Guangyao looked as though nothing had happened. The way that he conversed so politely made him seem as if he didn't even know who Mo Xuanyu was. Wei Wuxian couldn't help but approve of his skills.

Thinking of Jin Ling, Wei Wuxian sighed in silence. Lan Wangji asked, "What is wrong?"

Wei Wuxian, "Hanguang-Jun, have you noticed that Jin Ling was alone every single time he went out to night hunt? Don't tell me that Jiang Cheng always accompanies him. His uncle doesn't count. He's about fifteen already, yet there's nobody his age following him around. When we were young..." The tip of Lan Wangji's brows lifted slightly. Seeing this, Wei Wuxian immediately changed his words, "Alright. Me. It was only me. When I was young, wasn't I like this?"

Lan Wangji replied indifferently, "That was you."

Wei Wuxian, "But all children like it where there are lots of people, right? Hanguang-Jun, would you think that Jin Ling's distant and has no friends in his sect? I don't know about the YunmengJiang Sect, I don't think any of the Jin Sect's juniors like to play with him. He just fought a few a while ago. Don't tell me that Jin Guangyao has no son or daughter, or anyone around his age who's close to him."

Lan Wangji, "Jin Guangyao once had a son. His life was taken at a young age."

Wei Wuxian wondered, "He was the young master of Carp Tower, though. How could his life have been taken away?"

Lan Wangji, "The lookout towers."

Wei Wuxian, "And why was that?"

Back then, to build the lookout towers, Jin Guangyao not only faced several opposers but also displeased a handful of sects. One of the opposing sect's leaders lost the arguments and went into a murderous rage, killing Jin Guangyao and Qin Su's only son. The boy had always been a good child and the couple had always loved him dearly. Under resentment, Jin

Guangyao tore down the entire sect in revenge. Qin Su, however, was overcome with grief. She hadn't been able to bear another child ever since.

After a while of silence, he replied, "With Jin Ling's temper, he offends other people whenever he opens his mouth, he pokes at the hornet's nest whenever he raises his hand. A-Yi calls him Young Mistress, I thought it was just to annoy him but it turns out that wasn't right. The many times before this, if it weren't for how we protected him, he'd have no lives left. Jiang Cheng isn't at all someone who knows how to teach children. Jin Guangyao, on the other hand..."

Remembering why they came to Carp Tower, Wei Wuxian's head ached again. He pressed his fingers onto his temples. On the other side, Lan Wangji placed a hand on his back and passed him with little spurts of spiritual energy. Though he couldn't give him a big smooching kiss right here on the path he was still offering comfort, "Never mind. Let's go back inside first."

The two returned to the guest residence that the LanlingJin Sect arranged for them. The room was rather spacious and rather ornate. A set of exquisite liquor cups made of smooth white porcelain had even been placed on the table. Wei Wuxian sat down on the side and started to admire the set. He only stopped when it was already late into the night.

Searching through the drawers, he found a pair of scissors and a stack of paper. With just a few cuts, he created a paperman. The paperman, with a round head and unusually long sleeves that resembled butterfly wings, was only as tall as an adult's finger. Wei Wuxian took a brush pen from the table and painted a few strokes. Tossing the brush away, he dropped onto the bed and passed out. The paperman, on the other hand, suddenly twitched. With a few trembles, its wide sleeves lifted its weightless body into the air, as though they were wings. It flitted about and landed on the tip of Lan Wangji's shoulder.

Lan Wangji looked to the side, at his shoulder. The paperman threw itself onto his cheek. It nodded its head back and forth as if placing kisses on his face. It climbed upward, all the way to his forehead ribbon, and tugged at it, then placed another dancing kiss there. Then the paperman slid down his face and placed multiple dabbing kisses against his lips. Lan Wangji grabbed it and let wriggle in his palm before pinning it with a serious look, "You must be careful."

The paperman nodded and flapped its wings. Clinging flat onto the ground, it climbed through the door slit and snuck out of the guest room.

Carp Tower was heavily guarded. Of course, a large, living human wouldn't be able to travel freely around. The good thing was that Wei Wuxian had once learned a certain technique of the dark arts—the paper metamorphosis.

Although it was useful, it had many restrictions as well. Not only was the time strictly limited, but the paperman must also return as it were after it had been released. There mustn't even be a single scratch on it. If, on its way, it was torn apart or broken in any way, the soul would receive the same degree of harm—from a year of unconsciousness to a whole lifetime of lunacy. Thus, one must be extremely careful.

Wei Wuxian possessed the paperman's body. At times, he stuck to the hem of a cultivator's robe. At other times, he flattened himself to pass through closed doors. At times, he unfolded his sleeves and looked down at the ground, pretending to be a piece of used paper, a butterfly that danced amid the night sky. Suddenly, still airborne, he heard faint sounds of crying come from below him. Looking over, he saw one of Jin Guangyao's residences, Blooming Garden.

Wei Wuxian flew below the roof and saw three figures sitting in the living room. With Lan Xichen in one hand and Jin Guangyao in the other, Nie Huaisang cried in a drunken state, complaining about things unknown. Behind the living room was a study. Seeing that nobody was inside, Wei Wuxian went in to look. Sketched designs annotated in red covered the entire desk. On the walls were the four sceneries of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. In the first place, Wei Wuxian didn't intend to pay them any attention. After he glanced at them, however, he couldn't help wanting to praise the artist's skills. Both the colours and the brushstrokes were gentle, yet the landscapes appeared vast. Although only one scene resided on each paper, thousands of miles seemed to extend from it. Wei Wuxian thought to himself that such skills were almost comparable to Lan Xichen's, and couldn't help taking a few more looks. Only afterward did he realize that the artist of the four sceneries indeed happened to be Lan Xichen.

Flying out of Blooming Garden, from a distance, Wei Wuxian could see a grandiose five-ridged palace. The roof of the palace was covered in glazed, gleaming tiles. Outside of the palace, there were thirty-two golden pillars. The scene was magnificent. This was probably one of the most guarded areas of Carp Tower, the bed chamber of each of the LanlingJin Sect's leaders, the Fragrant Palace.

Aside from the cultivators dressed in robes of Sparks Amidst Snow, Wei Wuxian could also feel that arrays had been packed into the space above and below the palace. Flying toward the base of a pillar, also carved with the peony, he rested for a moment. He only slipped into the door slit after a while of huffing.

Compared to the Blooming Garden, the Fragrant Palace was a classical building of the Carp Tower. Sumptuously ornamented, the building was almost majestic. Inside the palace, layers and layers of gauze curtains cascaded onto the ground. The beast-shaped incense burner sat on top of its stand, exuding clouds of aromatic smoke. Amid the extravagance, there was a sweet yet languid sense of decadence.

Jin Guangyao was with Lan Xichen and Nie Huaisang in the Blooming Garden, which meant that the Fragrant Palace was empty, conveniently allowing Wei Wuxian to inspect the area. The paperman flew around the interior of the palace, searching for anywhere that roused suspicion. Suddenly, Wei Wuxian saw an agate paperweight on the table. An envelope was under the paperweight.

The envelope had already been opened. Nobody's name was written on it, not even any crests. Yet, seeing from its thickness, it wasn't an empty envelope. Flapping his sleeves, he landed on the table, wanting to take a look at whatever was inside the envelope. But even as he attempted to drag out the envelope, his "hands" holding onto the edge, the envelope remained still.

His present body was a piece of paper, almost weightless. He could do nothing to move the heavy paperweight.

Paperman Wuxian walked a few more times around the agate paperweight. He shoved and kicked, hopped and leaped, yet it still refused to budge. Unable to do anything, he could only give up at the moment, and then go to check if there were any other places of suspicion. Suddenly, a side door of the palace was pushed slightly open.

Alarmed, Wei Wuxian swept off the table, motionless against a corner of the table.

The one who entered was Qin Su. Wei Wuxian finally realized that it wasn't that the palace had been empty, but that Qin Su was quiet within her room.

The fact that the mistress of Carp Tower appeared in the Fragrant Palace was nothing unusual. However, right now, she looks as abnormal as one could. Her face was paler than snow, drained of all blood. Her figure was also on the verge of collapsing. She looked as though she had just received a substantial shock like she had just awakened from a swoon and could swoon again.

Wei Wuxian thought to himself, What happened? Her countenance was great when she was in the banquet hall, just a while ago.

Leaning against the door, Qin Su stood blankly for a moment before she found her way over, hand on the wall. Staring at the letter under the agate paperweight, she reached for it, as if she wanted to grab it, but still took her hand back. Under the firelight, Wei Wuxian could see the obvious trembling of her lips. Those elegant features could almost be described as twisted.

Out of the blue, she let out a scream, and snatched the envelope, throwing it onto the ground. Her other hand spasmed as it dug into the front of her robe. Wei Wuxian's eyes lit up, but he stopped the urge of darting over. If Qin Su was the only one who saw him, he'd be able to deal with it, but not if Qin Su shouted and brought over other people. His soul would be affected if the piece of paper received the slightest damage.

All of a sudden, a voice echoed through the palace, "A-Su, what are you doing?"

Qin Su's head spun around. A familiar figure stood just a few feet behind her. No different from usual, the familiar face smiled at her as well.

She immediately dove to the ground, grabbing the letter. Wei Wuxian could only cling tightly to the corner and watch the letter move once again out of his sight. It seemed as if Jin Guangyao stepped forward, "What's in your hand?"

His tone was as kind as ever, as though he didn't notice anything, neither the strange letter in Qin Su's hand nor the distorted expression on Qin Su's face. It sounded like he was merely asking about a trivial matter. Still gripping the letter, Qin Su did not reply. Jin Guangyao asked again, "You don't look too well. What's wrong?"

His voice was brimming with care. Qin Su held up the letter and spoke through her trembling, "... I met with somebody."



Jin Guangyao, "Who?"

Qin Su seemed as though she didn't hear him, "This person told me a few things, and gave me this letter."

Jin Guangyao couldn't help but laugh, "Who did you meet with? Are you going to believe whatever things people tell you?"

Qin Su, "It couldn't have been a lie."

Wei Wuxian also thought, Who was it? He couldn't even tell whether the person was a man or a woman.

Qin Su, "Are the things written on here true?"

Jin Guangyao, "A-Su, if you don't let me see the letter, how can I know what's written on it?"

Qin Su showed him the letter, "Fine. Go read it!"

To see the letter with clarity, Jin Guangyao walked another step forward. With the letter in Qin Su's hand, he scanned it rapidly. His expression didn't change at all. Not even a single trace of a shadow had fallen over his face. Qin Su, however, was almost screaming, "Speak to me, speak! Tell me that none of this is true! That all of these are lies!"

Jin Guangyao replied with certainty, "None of this is true. All of these are lies. This is complete nonsense, words of false charges."

Qin Su burst out crying, "You're lying! Things are already like this and you're still lying to me—well I don't believe it!"

Jin Guangyao sighed, "A-Su, you were the one who told me to say so. Now that I've said so, you refuse to believe me. This is indeed quite troubling."

Qin Su threw the letter onto the ground and covered her face, "Oh Heavens! Oh Heavens, oh Heavens! You, you... You truly are scary! How could you... How could you?!"

She couldn't continue to speak, backing off to the side with her hands still covering her face. Holding onto a pillar, she suddenly started to vomit.

She heaved as though she was going to let all of her intestines out. Seeing such an intense reaction, Wei Wuxian was shocked and speechless, She was probably also throwing up when she was inside. Just what in the world is written in the letter? Jin Guangyao killed someone and dismembered them? But everyone knew that Jin Guangyao killed countless people during the Sunshot Campaign. There were quite a few lives in her father's hands, as well. Maybe it was the thing with Mo Xuanyu? No, it was impossible that Jin Guangyao had anything for Mo Xuanyu. Or Vice Versa. It was likely that Mo Xuanyu being kicked out of Carp Tower was precisely his doing. Anyway, no matter what, her reaction wouldn't be so extreme that she was disgusted to the point of throwing up. Although he wasn't familiar with Qin Su, they had met a few times in the past, both being the descendants of prominent clans. Qin Su was the beloved daughter of Qin Cangye. Her personality was naive, but she had

lived a comfortable life and was taught excellent manners. She'd never act in such a mad, violent way. It didn't make sense at all.

Listening to the noise that she made, Jin Guangyao bent down in silence and picked up the pieces of paper that had scattered onto the ground. With a raise of his hand, he dipped them over the nine-lotus branched candle stand and allowed them to slowly burn.

Watching the ashes fall to the ground bit by bit, he spoke in a somewhat dejected tone, "A-Su, we've been husband and wife for so many years. We've always respected each other in peaceful harmony. As a husband, I'd like to think that I treat you well. The fact that you're acting like this hurts my feelings."

Qin Su had nothing left to vomit. She whimpered on the ground, "You treat me well... You do treat me well... But I... I'd rather that I never met you! No wonder you never... ever since... ever since then... You did such a thing—why don't you just kill me?!"

Jin Guangyao, "A-Su, before you knew of it, didn't we live perfectly fine? You only felt uncomfortable and began to vomit today, now that you know. We can see that this isn't anything at all. It won't be able to do any physical harm to you. Your mind is the only thing doing all this."

Qin Su shook her head, her face ashen, "... Tell me the truth. A-Song... How did A-Song die?"

Who was A-Song?

Jin Guangyao was startled, "A-Song? Why are you asking me this? Haven't you known of this since a long time ago? A-Song was killed. I've already destroyed the one who killed him in revenge. Why are you mentioning him, all of a sudden?"

Qin Su, "I did know. But now, I'm starting to think that everything I knew was a lie."

Jin Guangyao's face began to show fatigue, "A-Su, what are you thinking of? A-Song is my son. What do you think I'd do? You'd rather believe someone who's been hiding this whole time, a letter from an unknown person than put your trust in me?"

Qin Su pulled at her hair, shrieking, "You're scary precisely because he is your son! What do I think you'd do? You could even do something like this, so what couldn't you have done?! And now you still want me to believe in you? Oh Heavens!"

Jin Guangyao, "Stop thinking nonsense. Tell me—who did you meet today? Who gave you the letter?"

Qin Su held onto her hair, "What... What are you going to do?"

Jin Guangyao, "If the person could tell you, then they can also tell other people. If they could write one letter, then they can also write a second, a third, or a countless number of letters. What do you intend on doing? Allow such a thing to be leaked? A-Su, I'm begging you.

Please, no matter which feelings have existed between us, tell me where the people mentioned in the letter are. Who was the one that told you to come back and read the letter?"

Who was it? Wei Wuxian also wanted to hear Qin Su say just who on Earth it was. Someone who could approach the Chief Cultivator's wife and earn her trust, someone who uncovered a hidden story of Jin Guangyao's. The letter couldn't have been something as simple as murder. It could make Qin Su so disgusted or scared that she vomited, and it remained so unspeakable even when the two of them were the only ones present. During the questioning, they still talked vaguely, not daring to be explicit. But, if Qin Su decided to be honest and tell him who had given her the letter, then she'd be truly foolish. If she said it, aside from dealing with whomever it was, Jin Guangyao would also silence Qin Su, either by fair means or foul.

Fortunately, although Qin Su had always seemed innocently ignorant since a young age, even to the point of being somewhat dense, she didn't trust Jin Guangyao anymore. She stared blankly at Jin Guangyao, who sat still before the table. He was the Chief Cultivator above tens of thousands. He was her husband. As of right now, under the candlelight, he looked as calm and as picturesque as ever. He stood up, as though he wanted to help her up, but Qin Su slapped his hand away. Bent over on the ground, she couldn't help another retching fit.

The tip of Jin Guangyao's brows twitched, "Do I really disgust you so much?"

Qin Su, "You're not a person... You're a madman!"

A mourning warmth filled the eyes that Jin Guangyao looked at her with, "A-Su, back then, I didn't have another path to walk. I wanted to keep you in the dark for your whole life. I didn't want you to know about this. Now, though, it's been entirely ruined by the one who told you. You think that I'm dirty. You think that I'm disgusting. All of these are fine, but you're my wife. How would others see you? How would they talk of you?"

Qin Su buried her head into her arms, "Stop talking, stop talking, stop reminding me!!! I wish I never knew you, I wish that I'm not related to you at all! Why did you approach me in the first place?!"

After a moment of silence, Jin Guangyao answered, "I know that you won't believe me, no matter what I say, but it was sincere, back then."

Qin Su sobbed, "... You're still speaking such blandishments!"

Jin Guangyao, "I'm speaking the truth. I've always remembered that you have never said anything about my background or my mother. I'm grateful for you until the end of my life, and I want to respect you, cherish you, and love you. But, you have to know that even if A-Song hadn't been killed, he had to die. He could only die. If we let him grow up, you and I..."

With the mention of her son, Qin Su couldn't bear it any longer. With a raise of her hand, she slapped him on the face, "Then who's the one that did all this?! Just what can't you do for this position?!"

Without any avoidance, Jin Guangyao accepted the slap. A crimson handprint immediately appeared over his fair cheek.

Jin Guangyao, "What are you talking about? You must be feeling quite unwell. Your father has already gone on to journey and cultivate. I'll send you off sometime soon as well, and you can enjoy being in your father's company. Let's finish this quickly. There are still quite many guests outside. There's still the Discussion Conference tomorrow."

Things were already like this, and he was still thinking of the guests outside and the Discussion Conference tomorrow!

Although he said that he was going to allow Qin Su time to rest, he ignored all of Qin Su's pushes of refusal and helped her up. Wei Wuxian didn't know what he did, but Qin Su suddenly collapsed, robbed of all energy. Thus, just like this, Jin Guangyao half-dragged his wife into the layering curtains. Paperman Wuxian snuck out from below the table and followed them. He saw Jin Guangyao, whose hand was placed over a full-length mirror made of copper. A moment later, his fingers somehow entered the mirror, as though they broke into the surface of a pool of water. Qin Su's eyes were wide open, still crying. She could only watch as her husband dragged her into the mirror, unable to speak or shout. Wei Wuxian knew that the mirror definitely couldn't be opened by anyone aside from Jin Guangyao himself. Such an opportunity was now or never. Roughly calculating the timing, he quickly leaped inside.

Behind the copper mirror was a secret room. After Jin Guangyao entered, the oil lamps on the walls ignited on their own. The dim light illuminated shelves and cabinets of different sizes, covering the walls. On the shelves were books, scrolls, stones, and weapons. There were also a few instruments of torture. Iron rings, sharp spikes, silver hooks—all seemed strange. Just looking at their appearance could make one shiver in fear. Wei Wuxian knew that these were probably made by Jin Guangyao.

The QishanWen Sect's leader, Wen RuoHan, had a moody, violent personality. He loved the sight of blood and sometimes took enjoyment in torturing those who offended him. Jin Guangyao was only able to capture Wen RuoHan's interest by catering to his needs, making all sorts of cruel yet amusing devices.

Any sects owned a couple of treasury vaults. Thus, it wasn't strange at all for the Fragrant Palace to hold such a room.

Aside from a desk, an iron table—dark to the eyes, cold to the touch, long enough for a person to lie—was also within the room. There seemed to be black, dried-up traces of something on the surface of the table. Wei Wuxian commented in silence, This would be the perfect table to cut someone apart on.

Jin Guangyao gently helped Qin Su lie down on the table. Qin Su's face was ashen as Jin GuangYao straightened out a few tangled strands of her hair, "Don't be scared. You shouldn't walk around in such a state. There'll be a lot of people during the next few days. Why don't you rest for a bit? You can come back as soon as you tell me who the person is. Nod if you're willing to tell me. I didn't seal all of your meridians. You should still be able to nod."

Qin Su's eyes rolled toward her husband, who was still so kind and caring toward her. Her pupils were filled with fear, pain, and despair.

Suddenly, Wei Wuxian noticed that one of the shelves was blocked by a curtain. The curtain was covered in sinister, blood-red runes. It was a talisman of forbiddance, one of extreme power.

The paperman slowly inched upward, clinging to the wall. On the other hand, Jin Guangyao was still pleading with Qin Su in a soft voice. Suddenly, as if he noticed something, he turned around in alarm.

There was no third person in the room except for Qin Su and him. Jin Guangyao stood up. He only returned after finding nothing during his careful inspection of the room.

Of course, he didn't know that, just as he turned around, Wei Wuxian had already reached a shelf of books. Just as he saw a slight movement at Jin Guangyao's neck, he immediately inserted his thin, paper body into a book, as though he were a bookmark. His eyes were stuck right between two pages from a manuscript. Fortunately, even though Jin Guangyao was more alert than others, he wasn't so alert as to flip open this book to see if anyone was hiding inside.

All of a sudden, Wei Wuxian realized that the characters his eyes saw looked a bit familiar. After a while of scrutiny, he cursed in silence—how could he not find them familiar? They were his characters!

The comments that Jiang Fengmian gave his handwriting were "careless, yet poised". This was his writing. After Wei WuXian looked at it with more care, he managed to make out the phrases "... different from possession...", "... revenge...", and "... forced contract", in addition to the vague or damaged areas. At last, he could finally conclude that the book he crammed himself into was his manuscript. The content of the manuscript was an article on sacrificing one's body, deducing from the information that he had gathered.

Back then, he wrote quite a few of these manuscripts. He wrote them as he threw them all over the place, especially the cave on Burial Mounds in which he slept. Some of these manuscripts were destroyed by the fires of the siege. Others, like his sword, were collected by various people as war trophies.

He had been confused as to where Mo Xuanyu learned of the forbidden technique. Now, he knew the answer.

This was the damaged manuscript of a forbidden technique, which was why Wei Wuxian didn't believe that Jin Guangyao would let just anyone have access to it. It seemed that even if Mo Xuanyu and Jin Guangyao weren't in that sort of a relationship, they were still fairly close.

As he was thinking, Jin Guangyao's voice came, "A-Su, my time is up. I'll have to look after the guests. I'll come to see you afterward."

Wei Wuxian had already squirmed his way out of his manuscripts. Hearing the voice, he immediately went inside again. This time, what he saw weren't manuscripts, but... two title deeds for household and land.

Wei Wuxian found this rather strange. How could title deeds hold such special value that they were kept in the same place as the Yiling Patriarch's manuscripts? But, no matter how he looked at them, they were two of the average title deeds, without any tricks or codes. The papers were turning yellow and even had blotches of ink on them. Nevertheless, he didn't think that Jin Guangyao placed them here at random. Thus, he took the time to remember the address, somewhere in Yunmeng's Yunping City. He thought that he might find something there if he got the chance to do so.

After hearing nothing for quite a while, Wei Wuxian began to climb up the wall again. He finally reached the shelf blocked by the talisman of forbiddance. However, before he could examine what was kept inside the shelf, the scene before his eyes suddenly lit up.

Jin Guangyao walked over and lifted the curtain.

For a split second, Wei Wuxian thought that he had been exposed. After the faint firelight made its way through the curtain, he found that he was enveloped in a shadow. A circular object just happened to be in front of him.

Jin Guangyao stood still, as though he was staring into the eyes of whatever was inside this shelf.

After a moment, he spoke, "Were you the one looking at me?"

Of course, there couldn't be any response. He was silent for a while, then let down the curtain.

Wei Wuxian quietly attached himself to the object. Cold and hard, it seemed to be a helmet. He then turned to the front. As he had expected, he saw a pallid face. The one who sealed the head wanted it to see nothing, hear nothing, speak nothing, and so incantations had been crowded onto the waxen skin. The eyes, the ears, and the mouth were all sealed tightly shut.

Wei Wuxian greeted it in silence, *What an honour to meet you, Chifeng-Zun.*

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Flying through the sect grounds without being seen was as impossible as not loving Lan Wangji. But, Wei Wuxian did not care about hiding, he just needed to get away.

Back in the room, Lan Wangji noticed his lot lover's discomfort and immediately went and opened the door.

Wei Wuxian, seeing the opened door, immediately flew in and stuck to Lan Wangji's face uncaring his trembling paper form only needing the other's soothing comfort.

Lan Wangji let him tremble for a while before he took him to his body where he let his soul reunite with it. While Lan Wangji did not know exactly what had frightened Wei Wuxian so severely he had an inkling it had something to do with Jin Guangyao and his schemes. Lan Wangji passed spiritually to the slowly awakening Wei Wuxian.

Lan Wangji most certainly did not know how the paperman technique worked but he did know how it involved the transferring of someone's soul into a very fragile object. And that alone was cause for concern. Wei Wuxian's core had yet to become permanent and he was already jumping into such dangerous acts.

"L—an Zh—a—n."

Lan Wangji stops sending him energy and sits him up so his back rests against his chest. He soothes a hand through his hair, "Wei Ying," He whispers softly into his ear, "How are you feeling?"

Wei Wuxian holds up a hand indicating for him to wait a moment. Lan Wangji nods and grabs the cup of water he had poured prematurely. Wei Wuxian drinks then after he regains his bearings he shoots up and off the bed dragging Lan Wangji with him, "Let's go."

"Where?"

"To the Fragrance Palace!"

Dashing through Koi Tower was probably not how Lan Wangji had imagined this night to go, but Wei Wuxian was as unpredictable as the rain and one learned to just get used to it.

When they were nearing the steps leading to the Fragrance Palace an astounding number of guards came from every direction. Lan Xichen had shown up from all the noise, "What is all this?"

Lianfang-zun had also come outside, "Er-ge, I would like to know as well."

Wei Wuxian stepped forward, "Ah, Liangfang-zun, it's good that you're here now you can show us what is inside your secret room."

The cultivators started gossiping among themselves. Since when did Jin Guangyao have a secret room?

He smiled tentatively and tried to calm the stirring whispers, "Any sect leader has a secret room it is what is in it that matters."

Many sect leaders understood this.

"Then you shall have no problem showing us what is inside then."

Jin Guangyao turned a strained smile in the direction of whoever had spoken, "Surely-"

"Then please show us inside."

His smile dropped completely, "Er-ge?"

Lan Xichen repeated, "Open it."

"Well," His smile was back in place, "If Er-ge insists."

He led them through the bronze mirror and into the room allowing them to look around at all the weaponry and tables before someone Lan Xichen exclaimed in shock, "Madam Jin? What is she doing here?"

"All our possessions are shared. A-Su often comes in here to look at things as well."

Wei Wuxian was also surprised to see her there. He had thought Jin Guangyao would have moved her somewhere else or killed her. Was he not scared she would say something?

Worried for her well-being, he turned to scrutinize the side of her face. Qin Su was not only alive but in fact, living quite well. There was nothing unusual about her at all. At least physically. Although her expression was blank, Wei Wuxian was certain that she had neither undergone she was not poisoned nor was under some sort of enchantment. She was conscious.

But, the more conscious she was, the stranger she was. He saw with his own eyes just how strong Qin Su's hatred for Jin Guangyao was and yet here she was with nothing to exact her revenge.

Trying to ignore the foreboding feeling growing in his chest, he turns to the treasure cabinet and lifts the curtain.

Yet, when he lifted it all that was there was a strange dagger. No helmet, no head, only a dagger.

It seems that after his run-in with paperman Wei Wuxian Jin Guangyao had figured out that he was being on to and moved the head to a safer place.



Truly a mastermind.

"Such killing intent for such a small object. What is it?"

Said mastermind came up behind him and took up the dagger, "It is quite a blade indeed. It belonged to sect leader Wen Ruohan."

A sect leader who was staring at Qin Su voiced his worry out loud, "Madam Jin, are you alright?"

Qin Su did not spare him with an answer her eyes strangely fixed on Jin Guangyao. Rather not on him but on what he was holding in his hand.

Jin Guangyao turned to her as well, "A-Su? You look quite pale. Do you wish- A-Su!"

Before Jin Guangyao had finished saying his peace Qin Su rushed over and snatched the dagger from his hand plunging it into her stomach before anyone could comprehend what was happening. Jin Guangyao catches her as she fell, openly crying over his wife's dead body, "A-Su! Why would you do such a thing?!"

Lan Xichen, "A-Yao, Madam Jin... I am sorry."

Jin Guangyao looked at him, "Er-ge, what is going on? Why would A-Su suddenly take her own life? And why would you gather in front of the Fragrant Palace and demand me to open my treasure room? Is there something I should know?"

Jiang Cheng who arrived late spoke in a cold voice, "Yes, please explain all of this."

Lan Xichen began, "A while ago, a few of the GusuLan Sect's disciples were on a night hunt. They encountered a left arm which held a massive amount of killing and resentful energy in Mo Village. Wangji had been investigating. However, when we gathered all the body parts we discovered that the dismembered body belonged to... our eldest brother."

The people in and outside of the Treasure Room burst into an uproar.

Jin Guangyao was more shocked, "Brother? Hadn't Brother been buried? You and I saw it with our own eyes!"

Nie Huaisang must've heard wrong, "Brother? Brother Xichen, you mean my Brother?"

Lan Xichen nodded heavily. Nie Huaisang's eyes rolled upward as he collapsed to the ground with a thud. A group of people immediately began to shout.

"Sect Leader Nie! Sect Leader Nie!"

"Where's the medic?"

Jin Guangyao's eyes still held tears, but appeared as if they were red with anger, "Dismembered?! Who in the world could have done such a thing?!"

Lan Xichen, "We do not know. When we were searching, the clues disappeared."

Jin Guangyao paused, as though he finally understood what was going on, "The clues disappeared... so you came to search me?"

Lan Xichen did not answer.

Jin Guangyao lowered his head, "Forget it. But, Brother how did Hanguang-jun know that such a room existed inside of my bed chamber? And how was it decided that Brother's head was inside? Koi Tower is quite fortified. If this really was my doing, would I have let Brother's head be discovered so easily?"

Nobody answered.

Jin Guangyao's eyes then landed on Wei Wuxian, "Xuanyu, did you tell Brother and the people all these lies?"

A sect leader questioned, "Liangfang-zun, who are you talking to?"

Somebody spoke coldly, "Who else but the one standing next to Hanguang-jun."

Su She was the one who spoke, "The people who aren't from Lanling Jin Sect might not know this but his name is Mo Xuanyu. He used to be a disciple but was kicked out for his indecent acts and harassing Liangfang-zun. Yet, speaking from hearsay nowadays, he has proven himself to the likings of Hanguang-jun. One would wonder why the one who has always been known for his grace and righteousness would keep such a person by his side. It truly is difficult to understand."

Jin Ling's face darkened as he listened to him badmouth his uncle. Jin Guangyao stood up amid the chattering crowd and placed a hand on the hilt of Hensheng as he walked closer to Wei Wuxian, "I won't dwell in the past but please tell me... A-Su's bizarre death- are you involved?!"

Wei Wuxian raised an eyebrow at him. When Jin Guangyao lied, he really was unashamed and with all his vigour. As Wei Wuxian tried to think of a plan and a way to answer the question Hensheng was being unsheathed and pointed at him. Lan Wangji stood in front of him with Bichen blocking the sudden attack.

As the other cultivators saw, they unsheathed their swords as well. Two swords came at him from the side. Wei Wuxian had no weapons so Lan Wangji blocked it for him. Not wanting his husband to fight alone, he turned around and found Suibian. Not thinking twice he grabs it and unsheathes it in one smooth motion.

Jin Guangyao froze at this, "It's the Yiling Patriarch!"

Within an instant, all blades were pointed at him!

Wei Wuxian stared at Suibian with a confused expression. Jin Guangyao must have noticed because he replied, "The sword Suibian had sheathed itself after Wei Wuxian's death. Many have tried and failed. Only the Yiling Patriarch could have done such a thing," Not sheathing

Hensheng he motioned over, "Huaisang, A-Ling come. Everyone be careful we do not know what he will do once he has returned."

The cultivators rushed towards him and Wei Wuxian - once again not thinking at all - jumped out of the window, his husband keeping pace with him as they ran down the steps of the Fragrance Palace. Shouting from the outraged cultivators could be heard as they followed them.

"Wei Wuxian, how dare you?!"

Wei Wuxian could only think about what he had dared to do now!

"He really did something so immoral as stealing someone else's body?!"

"Why am I not surprised?"

"He did not!"

Wei Wuxian stopped at his nephew's scream. Turning, he saw Jin Ling at the top of the stairs flocked by Jin Guangyao, "Tell them! Tell them you didn't steal his body and that it's only a disguise! Tell them!"

Wei Wuxian murmured an unconscious *A-Ling* as he watched his nephew's eyes well up with tears.

"What disguise is he speaking of?"

The question caused an uproar of whispers.

Wei Wuxian didn't know exactly who had spoken but it was probably one of the older sect leaders who probably didn't like him very much.

Who was he kidding? Everyone here probably didn't like him very much.

He turned to Lan Wangji who was already staring at him, silently telling him to do whatever he wanted.

Wei Wuxian nodded, reached into his robe, and pulled off the glowing bright red talisman that gave him the farce of passing as Mo Xuanyu. The talisman erupted in flames as Wei Wuxian poured spiritual energy into it. The cultivators were met with the sight of a devilishly handsome young man dressed in red and black robes, long black hair pulled up into a ponytail, silver eyes glinting, red lips pulled into a dazzling smile and expression that of a coy fox.

Before Wei Wuxian could even get a word out, everyone was charging at him again. Naturally, they were stopped by the human wall that is Lan Wangji and his impenetrable Bichen. Knowing that Lan Wangji would probably kill all these cultivators for his sake he placed a hand on his husband's shoulder, ready to pull him back from fighting but a shriek made him hesitate, "Uncle Xian!"

*Ah, A-Ling you really intend to send this uncle of yours into an early grave again, don't you?*

Jin Ling who was at the top of the stairs before was now charging towards him with as much speed as he could muster. Yet, before he could reach him a sword was already piercing through his stomach. Shocked, he looked down at the sword glinting through the space his child was supposed to be growing, and nurturing, and then to the person who was holding said sword. It was that Jin boy Jin Ling had fought earlier.

Wei Wuxian does not think he had ever seen red so fast. Yanking away from the sword; he twists and grabs the scared teen by the neck and throws him so much force he ends up across the courtyard crashing into something Wei Wuxian does not bother to see. Instead, he crumples to the ground all too aware of the blood rushing out from his open wound. He calls out, voice barely audible over the sound of clashing swords, "Lan Zhan."

Lan Wangji turns to him pushing away the cultivators with a single swoop of spiritual energy. He rushes over and gasps when he sees the bleeding mess that is Wei Wuxian, the severity of it visible even through the black cloth, "Wei Ying."

Wei Wuxian grabs at his lapels mildly aware of the blood he is getting on the pristine white robes but too weak to care, "Lan Zhan, Q-Qi-ng-jie."

Lan Wangji snatched up Suibian from the ground and then his husband, carrying him in his arms like a bride as he mounted Bichen. The wave of spiritual energy Lan Wangji had used not only pushed back the cultivators but left them dazed and out of it for a few minutes. By the time they came, the duo was long gone.

|~|

Wei Wuxian felt some kind of relief at the wind being blown against his pale face. He didn't know how long they were flying for or when they even left for that matter but he knew that he wouldn't be able to stay awake for much longer.

Resting his head lovingly against Lan Wangji's chest Wei Wuxian let the darkness overtake him sending one last prayer to the heavens to *please let his baby be okay*.

|~|

When Wei Wuxian woke again he was no longer in his husband's arms nor flying on Bichen. Instead, he was lying on something strangely soft and comfortable. Forcing his eyes open he stared at the ceiling of a room that looked strangely familiar. Glancing around he realized that he was in the Jingshi of the Cloud Recesses. He was going to place a hand on the mattress to push himself up but was stopped by a delicate-looking arm shooting out in front of his face halting his movements.

Following the arm to his left he came upon the pinched face of his sister, "Qing-jie." His mouth tasted awfully dry.

Wen Qing's expression turned even more pinched. She didn't offer him a reply but went to the low table and poured him a cup of water. She passed it to him and watched him drink with a

slightly less pinched expression.

After he had finished drinking, she took the cup from him and set it on the table. When that was finished she came to sit by his side on the bed, "I have some news."

Wei Wuxian grimaced. He hoped it wasn't what he thought it was, "Good or bad?"

"Both. Which do you want to hear first?"

"The good news please."

Wen Qing took a deep breath, "Your baby is fine Wuxian."

Wei Wuxian let out a large breath of relief, "That's good," He placed a hand on his flat stomach, sending spiritual energy into it, "What's the bad news?"

"The juniors are missing."

The breath of relief was immediately sucked back in, "What?"

"And we don't know where they are?"

"*What?* "

The door to the room opened and in walked Lan Wangji holding a tray of food. When his eyes landed on the bed he staggered and nearly dropped the tray. Placing it on the low table he rushed to Wei Wuxian's side, "Wei Ying." They came out on a rushed breath.

"Ah, Lan Zhan, this husband has worried you once again."

"It is all right. Wei Ying is fine now." He looks at Wen Qing, who nods at him.

"How long was I out?"

"Four days."

"Four days?"

"You had healed fairly quickly but I kept you asleep to stave off any lingering pains you may feel."

Lan Wangji helps him sit up then grabs the tray of food and places it over his lap then hands one to Wen Qing as well. She nods her head at him and they eat in silence.

After they had their fill they began, "Uncle would like to speak to you."

"Me?"

Lan Wangji nodded, "Mn."

Wei Wuxian nodded but didn't reply, "Lan Zhan, when I was doing Empathy with Nie Mingjue's head there was a song that Jin Guangyao was playing for him. Do you think he'd recognize it if I played it for you?"

Lan Wangji handed him his bamboo flute and Wei Wuxian played the song for his husband and his sister. Lan Wangji listened intently, "Clarity."

Wei Wuxian stopped playing, "Hm?"

"The song is called Clarity. I was the one who taught A-Yao to play it. However, you played a part wrong."

They looked up to see Lan Xichen standing in the entryway to the bed chamber. Wei Wuxian moved to bow but Lan Xichen held up a hand, signalling him not to. Wei Wuxian nodded and stayed where he was. Wen Qing, however, moved to make some tea.

"Really? This is exactly how I heard it during empathy. Perhaps Liangfang-zun remembered it wrong, " That thought was immediately disregarded though, "No, impossible. He would have memorized it after hearing it once."

"Play it again."

Wei Wuxian nodded and played Clarity again. Towards the end of the song, Lan Xichen held up a hand, "That part was played incorrectly."

"I see," Lan Xichen replied to no one in particular, "Maiden Wen if you would please follow me. Wangji, I seem to recall Uncle wanting to meet Young Master Wei?"

At Lan Wangji's nod, they left leaving the couple alone.

"Lan Zhan, the juniors..."

Lan Wangji helped him stand up, despite him not really needing it, "Uncle seems to have some information about their mid-disappearance."

Wei Wuxian leaned heavily against Lan Wangji's side, "Let's go meet your Uncle then."

|~|

Wen Qing walked beside the Lan Sect's Sect Leader mind whirling about all the possible places he could be taking her. She knew it couldn't be about her A-Ning. She had left him down the mountain not knowing how the Lans would react to him suddenly being, well, 'alive'. She had met Lan Qiren the day before and to say he was shocked would be an understatement. He had even accused an unnamed disciple of swapping his tea with alcohol. That turned out to not be the case after all and Wen Qing was still alive. After hearing the story of how this came to be he was seriously thinking of tracking down this non-existent disciple for the likewise non-existent alcohol. Lan Xichen was also present for this conversation.

Wen Qing knew from the little interactions she had with them, that they were fairly close. She didn't know how close exactly but close enough that he would feel some sort of way when all his deeds were being aired out. Wen Qing decided not to dwell on her thoughts and finally looked up as they were about to ascend the stairs of the Library Pavilion.

She paused and turned to Lan Xichen who had paused as well, "The Library Pavilion? Excuse this one but what could we possibly find here?"

Lan Xichen continued and didn't answer her question they were already inside the Pavilion, "Not here but," He paused again. He sent a burst into the wall in front of them. A door appeared, "But in here."

Wen Qing had heard of the forbidden section of the Library Pavilion. Wei Wuxian had mentioned it once or twice before and it had been the cause of her Uncle's ire once upon a time when he had failed to burn it down. Wen Qing had heard about this place and now here she was, about to enter of her own volition.

Wen Qing looked behind her once then followed after him. She was doing this for her brothers.

And maybe a little bit for herself.

|~|

Lan Qiren was waiting in the Hanshi.

He was waiting for his youngest nephew to bring the person he had grown so attached to in his youth so he could spill his guts.

There were a few things Lan Qiren regretted in his life. He regretted letting his brother wallow in self-pity after the loss of his wife. He regretted letting his sect control every move he or his family ever made. He regretted letting the rules control his judgment. He regretted placing his anger on an unsuspecting guest disciple. He regretted letting his sect whip his nephew. But, what he regretted most was letting the Jin Sect destroy the person his nephew cared for the most.

Truly he could have done about that. The Jin Sect would have gone after Wei Wuxian eventually. Be it in the next five years or ten they would have eventually killed him. But, he could have spoken up at least, made it be known that the Lan Sect, that *Lan Qiren*, did not stand for injustice. Yet, he just stood by and watched the injustice continue right in front of his eyes.

And for that, he wanted to apologize. He knew he had no way of apologizing to the people he had murdered that day. So, he lights incense for them every single day.

A knock sounded at the door and he responded with a gruff, "Enter."

Lan Wangji was the first to enter followed by the nervous Wei Wuxian. They both bow and then sit when he gestures to the empty seats in front of him. Wei Wuxian moves to pour tea

seeing as he is the youngest but Lan Wangji bats his hand away and does it himself. Wei Wuxian rolled his eyes at him - unaware of Lan Qiren's eyes following his every move - but smiled fondly at him.

Lan Wangji places a cup of tea in front of his husband and uncle before he takes one for himself. The silence between them thickens so much that one could probably chop it with the duller of swords.

Wei Wuxian, unable to take the suffocating energy, begins, "So, Master Lan, you wished to see me?"

Lan Qiren suddenly bows, "I am sorry."

The action stunned his two audiences so much so that it left one of them openly gaping and the other reaching for the hilt of his sword. He honestly did not know which one was funnier.

Now was not the time for jokes, however, "Wei Wuxian, I apologize."

Wei Wuxian blinked a couple of times in quick succession before he managed to find his voice, though he sounded a bit out of it, "P-Please stop bowing. What is Master Lan even apologizing for in the first place?"

Lan Qiren did not stop bowing, "I stood by while injustice was being given to your person and blamed everything happening at the time as a result of your newly formed cultivation path. This one hopes he can be forgiven."

Wei Wuxian sounded a bit hysterical at this point, "Master Lan, please stop bowing. Let's just... let the past remain in the past."

Lan Qiren finally looked up and it was to shoot Wei Wuxian a look of disbelief, "What?"

Wei Wuxian hurriedly explained, "It's not that I don't accept your apology, I do. But, I just think that we shouldn't dwell on something that we have no control over. What happened, happened and though we may like what happened, it did and there is nothing we can do about that," He scratched his red neck awkwardly, "Still, it's nice you apologized."

Lan Qiren let out a rare sigh. This was certainly not what he was expecting, "I understand. How are you feeling?"

Wei Wuxian blinked and then let out a sudden 'Ah' of realization, "The stab wound? It has pretty much disappeared. I can't even feel a thing."

Lan Qiren nodded and took a sip of his tea, waiting for whatever question his nephew would surely ask, "Uncle," Here it comes, "Do you have any information about the whereabouts of the junior disciples?"

*What?*

At that exact thought, the Hanshi door burst open. Ready to yell at whoever did have any manners he placed his teacup down a little too harshly. Yet, He stopped short of Wen Qing,



he was gasping for breath.

"The juniors-" She began but had to pause to breathe, "-The juniors are at the Burial Mounds!"

*What?!*

## Chapter End Notes

Alternate title for this chapter: WHAT?!

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update. School has opened indefinitely and the work has been pouring in.

Hopefully this will make up for my absence.

Wen Qing would have never thought that she would someday be wandering around in the forbidden section of the Lan Sect's Library Pavilion. And with its Sect Leader no less. But, a lot of unexpected things had happened in her life already and she was beginning to learn to just go with the flow.

It had taken them a while to find the book they were looking for. And when they had found it Lan Xichen didn't know what to look for. Wen Qing did know, however. Only because she had spent so much time around Wei Wuxian to know enough about all his crazy ideas. Lan Xichen was not happy with what they had found and was silent the entire way back.

They had been apprehended though, by Jin Guangyao who had come to search the Cloud Recesses for Wei Wuxian. He had not known of Wen Qing's presence as she had hidden as soon as she became aware of his presence. While his presence was unwelcome the information he brought along was not. When he had finally left, Lan Xichen had told her all that she needed to know then he had departed as well. She had sprinted to the Hanshi - much to the dismay of several Lan disciples -- and informed those inside about her newfound information. A plan was then made that Wen Qing, Wen Ning, Mo Xuanyu, Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji would head to the Burial Mounds immediately, while Lan Qiren gathered the disciples and went there after them.

While a lot of unexpected and unexplainable things had happened in Wen Qing's life she still wasn't overly sure she knew how they had ended up in that predicament. Perhaps it was when Wei Wuxian had demanded when they were only a few hours away from the Burial Mounds that they stop and take a rest. There was no problem with what he said but it was where he decided to stop and take the rest. They were on someone's property, a farm it seemed and the doors to the barn were wide open and on the table were several round watermelons. It seemed that was what had caught his attention. Lan Wangji and Wen Qing were completely against the idea of whatever he was planning to do. Wen Ning and Mo Xuanyu were completely on board with the idea and no matter what they said they would not be convinced otherwise. "This is a terrible idea." Wen Qing had said. "Wei Ying please rethink this." Lan Wangji had pleaded. But, not even that could stop a determined Wei Wuxian.

Thankfully, when the owners returned they were still standing somewhat outside of the barn. They had seen them and immediately went on the defensive. While they were not cultivators

the man still had weapons, though as dull as they were. Wen Qing quickly explained the situation and how they were interested in buying the watermelons. To back her up Lan Wangji had pulled out his money pouch. The farmers had sold them all the watermelons on the table. Then the group of five was on their way. Of course, the three youngest were scolded by the eldest but all that was given was a half-assed apology and the three didn't even seem regretful.

~

They met a woman, her husband and her child halfway there. Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian seemed to know her. Her name was Luo Qingyang and she was an acquaintance of both men. Wei Wuxian had saved her life and she had left her sect for him. Lan Wangji had kept in touch with her. Her daughter, Mian Mian, didn't seem to like Wei Wuxian very much even when he offered her money. However, she did take a particular liking to Lan Wangji much to Wei Wuxian's amusement. Her husband was not a cultivator but he did enjoy the night hunts spent with his wife. They had left the family of three with the promise of keeping in touch.

When they finally reached the Burial Mounds the sun was high up in the sky indicating that it was midday. Walking into this place refreshed a lot of the sibling's memories. Some of them were bad, some were good. Most were in between. This was the place they became a family. And this was the place that tore that family apart. They lost a lot on this mountain but they also gained a lot at the same time. They were feeling happiness yet sadness all the same. This time they weren't here to stay or hide. They came here for one thing only then they'll never be back again.

Wen Qing glanced at her brothers who were walking beside her, back straight with a respectful air around them. A while ago they encountered some corpses. There were quite a lot of them and they seemed to already have a master as Wei Wuxian, could not control them. They decided to just leave them be and move on with what they were here for. No one spoke a word after that.

They expected to be greeted with silence as they walked into the demon-slaughtering cave but they were met with an unexpected argument.

"How dare you stab my uncle?! Are you crazy?"

An outraged Jin Ling questioned an equally outraged Jin Chan, "How dare I stab him?! How dare he kill my father?!"

"He didn't kill your father! And, even if he did, a scum like that only deserved the worst kind of death!"

"You-!" Jin Chan suddenly delivered a kick straight into Jin Ling's stomach. The impact sent Jin Ling careening back into Lan Sizhui who was trying and failing to suppress his anger. He

had tried a peaceful resolution before but it had not worked. So, when Jin Ling crashed into him his anger exploded and he kicked him back so he collided with Jin Chan.

The three broke out into a fight no longer caring about their appearances. At some point, Lan Jingyi and Ouyang Zizhen joined the fight as well. This was the sight they walked in on.

Wei Wuxian could not contain his amusement, "Oh my, what a scene this is."

All eyes turned to them, "It's the Yiling Patriarch!"

Another group cried out at the same time, "Hanguang-jun!"

Jin Chan scowled only to stop as it pulled at the bruises he had on his face, "Why are you cheering? They came in together!"

No one offered him an answer as they were too busy watching as Wei Wuxian unsheathed his sword and gave it to his brother. As Wen Ning came closer a few cowered in fear, "It's the Ghost General."

The same few recoiled back when Wen Ning raised the sword thinking he was here to strike them down. Wen Ning swung down and the ropes holding the cultivators together immediately broke. The disgruntled juniors fell to the ground in heaps of colourful robes. They scrambled up. Lan Sizhui, Lan Jingyi, Ouyang Zizhen, and Jin Ling rushed over to Wei Wuxian who was closest to them. Once they were in his reach he pulled all four of them into his arms, snuggling them up to his chest. They didn't quite fit but at least his point was gotten across. He pulled back to examine their faces checking for signs of bruises but all he found was exhaustion and most definitely starvation. The eyes can be deceiving though. He called out, "Come," He looked down at the four faces peeking up at him with wide doe eyes and couldn't help but coo at the sight, "Let's go."

Wei Wuxian, unfortunately, had to let go of his little ducklings for them to leave. Lan Wangji and the others came over to check on them and once they determined that they wouldn't be dying from starvation and exhaustion they went on their way.

A flash of purple lightning sliced through the air stopping them all in their tracks. The strike hit Wen Ning straight in the chest, sending him flying into the cave wall. Mo Xuanyu, who was next to him reached to him first and slowly helped him stand all the while checking him over, "Are you okay?!"

Wen Ning held up a hand to stop his shouting but didn't reject his help, "I am okay."

"Are you sure?" Thankfully he wasn't yelling anymore.

Wen Qing reached and took her brother's wrist into her hand checking his spiritual energy. What she found seemed to please her but she still sent a deadly glare in the direction the lightning came from.

The Jiang Sect Leader didn't show it but he was terrified of that stare. He glared back if only to show his own - non-existent - pride in the situation. The gaggle of cultivators stood behind

him in shock.

Two days ago the entire cultivation world was made aware of the Wen Siblings who were supposed to be burned alive years ago. They didn't know how it happened because they saw it with their own eyes. Not having an explanation they blamed the only eligible candidate. Wei Wuxian. These cultivators had come determined to rid the world of Wei Wuxian and the disgusting Wen siblings. Permanently this time.

"Jin Ling get over here."

Jin Ling stayed right where he was not ready to face his jiujiu.

The other disciples, however, had no such qualms and rushed towards them with cries of "A-Die!" "A-Niang!" and "Shixiong!"

Despite the situation, the reunions were sweet.

"Wei Wuxian! How dare you?!"

Wei Wuxian tore his eyes away from where he was eyeing his brother for any possible injuries and to the female cultivator who had just spoken, "What?"

Lan Qiren suddenly stepped forward, "Wangji."

Lan Wangji bowed, "Shufu."

"Look," A person in white suddenly spoke up. A guqin was laid out in front of him, a sword strapped to his hip. Wei Wuxian thought he looked kind of familiar, "He's even corrupted the peerless Hanguang-jun."

"Sect Leader Su is right!"

"Hanguang-jun how can you stand next to such a person?!"

Lan Wangji tilted his head to the side just a little bit and stared hard at the person who had spoken. He did not reply.

The person, a disciple from the Yao Sect, squirmed in obvious discomfort. He opened his mouth to speak but a growl cut him off. He spun around along with everyone else and stared in surprised fear at the army of corpses that were rushing towards them.

Not even thinking twice, Zidian whipped out. Seeing the fearless Sandu Sengshu, the others joined the fight as well. Their prowess didn't last long though because not even five minutes later and they were all spitting out blood.

"What?!"

"What is this?!"

"My spiritual energy is gone!"

"How did this happen?!"

"Ah, they're still coming!"

"Wei Wuxian, what did you do?!"

"Inside!" Lan Sizhui suddenly yelled from where he had rushed back inside the cave, "There is an array inside!"

Nie Huaisang was the first to move, followed by his reluctant disciples.

Lan Qiren motioned for his disciples to follow the heir of the Lan Sect while he wiped the blood from his nose with a handkerchief. When that one became bloody, Lan Wangji wordlessly came over and handed him another, calmly leading him to the entrance of the cave. The Lan disciples followed appropriately.

When he noticed his jiujiu spitting up blood, Jin Ling rushed over and led him slowly into the cave mouth, all the while ignoring his jiujiu's scolding.

Now noticing that almost everyone was entering the cave Su Minshan felt that he had to act fast, "What are you doing?! How can you mindlessly follow them?!"

Wei Wuxian stared at the man in confused irritation, "If you go in there you'll die. If you stay out here you'll die as well. Why are you forcing these people to their deaths faster?"

Su Minshan was going to tell him off but as he noticed that everyone was already inside he kept his mouth shut and marched in leaving a very annoyed Wei Wuxian to follow after him.

-

Stifling silences were becoming all too familiar with Wei Wuxian.

He was suddenly always finding himself in the company of people who did not know what to say or were somehow even more nervous than himself. Lan Qiren had fixed the array and the doctors that had come along with rioting cultivators had determined that the loss of spiritual energy would last four hours the longest. The people had bemoaned this and thought of blaming it all on Wei Wuxian but decided not to when they noticed the cold glares Lan Wangji and Wen Qing were sending them. Now, the people were inside of a cave with a barely functioning warding array, their golden cores sealed, their spiritual pathways blocked and the very same man they had come to destroy once more was only twenty-five feet away. Seriously, were the heavens so against them? In the end, they decided to keep quiet, not wishing to bring the Heavens or Lan Wangji's wrath upon them anymore.

Only someone seemed to not fear heaven or hell and decided to continue running his mouth.

"What are your intentions?" Su Minshan questioned him coldly.

"Nothing," Wei Wuxian replied, "But since we are all here why don't we have a chat?"

"There is nothing for us to chat with you about!"

"Hate to disagree," Wei Wuxian calmly wrapped his arms around his middle in what seemed like a relaxed manner but was done for comfort, "But don't you all wish to know how you so coincidentally lost your spiritual powers? What were you doing for it to happen?"

"He makes a good point." Nie Huaisang murmured much to the annoyance of the majority of the room.

"Who are you trying to fool? Kill us if you will but don't think we will grovel at your feet for mercy!"

Wei Wuxian suddenly gained a very confused expression, "I'm sorry but, who are you?"

Su Minshan's face immediately darkened. His name was clearly said outside in Wei Wuxian's hearing range and he had already forgotten? Lan Jingyi cut in before he could reply, "What do you think the cause is?"

"Well, people would not lose their spiritual powers for no reason. I doubt it is poison since such a thing would have already been spreading like wildfire throughout the cultivation world if it caused cultivators to lose their spiritual energy so easily. So it had to be something you all did together. Would anyone like to talk about what you did?"

"We all drank water didn't we? I don't know." Nie Huaisang helplessly replied.

"Nobody would drink water from a mountain of corpses!" An outraged cultivator yelled.

Wei Wuxian wanted to tell him that the water was just fine - thank you very much - and was very much drinkable but Nie Huaisang fired off another guess, "Then have we all inhaled the mountain's fog?"

Wei Wuxian was once again ready to debunk that fact when he was once again interrupted, "That's possible!"

It most certainly was not!

Jin Ling, "That's impossible-" Such a filial nephew! "Fog is thicker at the top of the mountain and we have been here for two days with spiritual energy still intact."

Su Minshan seemed to have grown angrier the more the conversation progressed. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore and spoke, "Enough. You've started speaking with him? It must be so much fun to b-"

Wei Wuxian, "Go on."

All the Moling Su disciples stood up, "Sect Leader Su!"

"Sect Leader, what's wrong?"

"Wei Wuxian, what hex did you perform this time?!"

Noticing Wei Wuxian rolling his eyes, Lan Sizhui spoke up, "It is not a hex! It is -"

Lan Wangji, who sat prim and proper, lay his hand over the still vibrating strings of his guqin. The cultivators stopped talking immediately, the room entering a stifling silence once again.

This was no hex, it was simply, "It is simply the GusuLan Sect's silencing spell."

When all the noise had ceased Lan Wangji turned to Wei Wuxian, "You may continue."

Su She felt rage burn within him. He scratched at his throat in hopes of relieving the spell but it proved fruitless. Hopefully, he turned to Lan Qiren who was not paying him any attention and did not look like he was about to lift the silencing spell anytime soon.

As it would turn out anyone who was actively trying to argue with Wei Wuxian would be silenced by the impenetrable fortress that was Hanguang-jun. After coming to this conclusion everyone became extremely silent. Except for a lone few who did not seem to fear death.

Wei Wuxian placed a hand on his chin and voiced out loud, "How strange."

Ouyang Zizhen, "What is strange?"

Wei Wuxian looked back at him, "Sect Leader Su, he's been acting strange ever since a while back. Back outside with the corpses he was encouraging you all to stay outside and well- die and now he's stopping me from finding out the cause for your loss of spiritual energy. And on top of that, it's like he's trying to get on my last nerve as if expecting me to lash out and kill you all! What does this mean?"

Now that it was out in the open, many people began to find his behaviour suspicious as well. He was being overly talkative but nobody had decided to say anything. Wei Wuxian looked over at the Moling Su disciples who were standing quite a bit ways away from the GusuLan Sect disciples. They weren't even sparing the other a glance. How strange!

Wei Wuxian leaned over to whisper into Lan Wangji's ear, "Lan Zhan, both the GusuLan sect and the MolingSu sect cultivate through music and are both in the Jiangnan region right?" At Lan Wangji's answering nod he continued, "So shouldn't they be friendly towards each other?"

Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi have been listening closely to their parent's conversation and they heard this and couldn't help but answer. Quite loudly one night add, "Of course they do not have a good relationship!"

Lan Sizhui added at a more controlled volume, "The Moling Su Sect was a branch of the GusuLan Sect."

"Really?" Wei Wuxian questioned in disbelief.

Lan Sizhui leaned over and explained everything directly into Wei Wuxian's ear, all the while keeping a firm hand over his brother's mouth. Lan Jingyi somehow managed to escape that hold however and yelled out just exactly what was on his mind. The words reached Su Minshan who forcibly broke the silencing spell and disrespected the GusuLan Precepts right in front of its Grandmaster. He was scolded quite harshly for his behaviour by Lan Qiren and



some older disciples. The argument had broken out and the Lan Sect's senior disciple had spilled some very valuable information. Wei Wuxian had seemed to reach an equilibrium and turned to Lan Qiren, "Xiansheng, may I ask you a question?"

Lan Qiren regarded him thoughtfully before agreeing, "Go ahead."

"The Moling Su sect was branched off from the GusuLan Sect, correct?" His hands were back around his midriff.

Lan Qiren regarded him thoughtfully, "Yes."

"And although it branched off it still uses GusuLan's techniques, right?"

"Yes."

"One of GusuLan's techniques, 'Sound of Vanquish' has exorcizing properties. Amongst the instruments, the seven-stringed guqin is the most powerful and so there are a great number of cultivating with it. The Moling Su sect did the same, yes?"

Lan Qiren nodded his head in agreement.

"Although the Moling Su Sect's Leader left with the knowledge of the techniques, his skills weren't all that great and the disciples he taught often made mistakes too, right?"

Lan Qiren nodded his head with all honesty.

They went back and forth like this for a while. And soon more and more began to notice what they were saying was actually making sense. They began paying attention.

Wei Wuxian slowed down a little for them, "And that means even if it was played incorrectly no one would find it unusual and think nothing of it."

Hearing them speak as if he wasn't there Su She unsheathed his sword with a clang and pointed it in Wei Wuxian's direction. Simply moving it to the side with two fingers he smiled, "What are you doing? Are you forgetting you are without spiritual energy?"

Su She clenched his teeth in anger, "Aiming at me for so long, what are you implying?"

"Did you not understand? Fine, let me repeat it for you. Everyone lost their spiritual energy because they were killing corpses. He pretended to use his guqin to fend off the corpses when in reality he was playing a very deadly melody. You fought in a bloodbath while he-"

"This is slander!"

"Let's see shall we? Back when you were coming up the mountains were any of the pieces played by the Moling Su sect incorrect?"

"Yes, they were!"

Wei Wuxian continued, "Sect Leader Su, dark songs can be used to harm others, but they have requirements such as the spiritual prowess of the person playing. You wouldn't have been able to perform to such a degree if you were alone. And thus you brought along all your disciples! GusuLan did notice your mistakes but one could say they didn't like you very much and would not comment. You used this to your advantage and caused these cultivators their spiritual energy for four hours!"

Nie Huaisang began gaping the more he heard, "Is there such a song?"

"Of course. There's an entire collection called the Collection of Turmoil from Dongying. There are songs even there to kill someone. Lan-xiangsheng is here, why don't we ask him?"

"Even if such a thing existed, while I was staying in Gusu, I wasn't able to enter the Forbidden Section. You, however, have been spending an abnormal amount of time close to Hanguang-jun. Compared to me, who would have a better chance of getting in?"

Wei Wuxian laughed at him, "Who said you had to go in? If your master has access he will surely go in at free will."

Who else could be his master but Liangfang-Zun?!

Seeing Su She still trying to defend himself and his master Wei Wuxian suddenly turned around and walked back to the black-robed figures standing silently next to the cave entrance. He stood in front of Wen Qing and held out his hand, "Qing-Jie?"

Wen Qing crammed around in her sleeves before pulling out two sheets of folded yellow paper. She gave him a warning look and sent him on his way.

With papers now in hand Wei Wuxian marched right back up to Lan Qiren, "Let's find out if I am truly lying!"

"You're lying. How do I know those aren't just random music sheets?"

"Why would I randomly carry around music sheets," He bowed to Lan Qiren, "Xiangsheng."

Lan Qiren took the papers and looked them over and as he continued to look a frown gradually appeared on his face. Su Minshan had originally thought he had been tricked but seeing this he quickly reached up to take them away. Lan Wangji sent Bichen forward as soon as he acted. The sword at Su She's waist naturally unsheathed to block the attack. However, after it had happened he was only realizing he was tricked.

Wei Wuxian turned to him in shock, "Am I seeing things right? You still have your spiritual powers! Congratulations! But, if you aren't up to no good, why hide the fact that you still have spiritual prowess?"

Those two papers weren't torn from Collection of Turmoil but were the strange melody Jin Guangyao played, noted down by Lan Wangji in the Forbidden Section. Su She was easily irritable and played right into Wei Wuxian's trap. Wei Wuxian didn't even have to say anything and Lan Wangji was already tossing out a surprise attack.

Noticing how his cover was blown, Su She stared down at the array beneath his feet. Gathering blood in his mouth he pulled out a talisman.

A transportation talisman!

Spitting the blood onto the array he activated the talisman and promptly disappeared.

Wei Wuxian crouched down beside Lan Wangji, who was trying to fix the array. Lan Wangji shook his head after it proved useless. The corpses were going to rush inside any second now, "Lan Zhan," Wei Wuxian called as he cleaned Lan Wangji's finger, "I have an idea. Will you do it with me?"

"Of course." The answer came immediately.

Wei Wuxian called over his shoulder, "Boys."

The four junior disciples came rushing over at the call. Her Wei Wuxian-is-going-to-do-something-stupid meter rising to the highest level. Wen Qing turned to look for him and found him explaining something to the four junior disciples always following him around. She hurried over wondering what exactly he was going to do now. She glanced behind to see Wen Ning and Mo Xuanyu following.

"...Then you four will get everyone out as soon as possible. Understood?"

"Yes, but..." Ouyang Zizhen nervously glanced at where Wei Wuxian was taking off his outer robe and handing it over to Lan Wangji who diligently folded it and put it into his sleeve.

"What is it?"

"Is that safe? Your core only recently became..."

Noticing that the four of them were looking at him with worried eyes he reassured them that he would not go overboard and if he did Wen Qing would puncture him with her needles. Wen Qing agreed to this statement with a heavy glare directed at Wei Wuxian's midsection that was laced with worry. Wei Wuxian then had to reassure her too that he would not overdo it. He then noticed the two silently standing behind her and incorporated them into the planning as well.

Mo Xuanyu and Wen Ming's dual cultivation sessions were doing exceptionally well. The last session successfully gave Mo Xuanyu the last push to finally form a golden as strong as that of a twelve-year-old. Wei Wuxian was pretty sure he had cried but didn't voice his thoughts out loud. Wei Wuxian had been interacting with Mo Xuanyu a lot before he had gotten stabbed trying to make him feel comfortable around them. It was working and Mo Xuanyu no longer felt the need to walk behind them or duck his head when they stared at him a little too long. His improvement was sped along by talking with Wen Qing daily. Wei Wuxian did not know what they talked about - as it was their privacy - but whenever they were finished he always seemed a bit lighter. So, Wei Wuxian was spending a bit of time with his brother's Dual Cultivation partner so noticed things; like how they would always be touching, leaning into each other's space, holding hands, and so on. He believed he had every

right to suspect that there was something else going on between those two but he wouldn't pry and would wait patiently for their announcement.

Since Mo Xuanyu did not have a sword as yet, Wei Wuxian lent him Suibian.

"It's broken!"

"They're coming in!"

Wei Wuxian quickly finished drawing the Spiritual Attraction Flag onto his white undershirt and grabbed ahold of Lan Wangji's hand and fled to the farthest part of the cave. As he had expected, the smell of his blood drew them to him, leaving the rest of the cultivators to escape freely. The four juniors did their jobs quickly and efficiently and hurried back inside to help their seniors only to find every single fierce corpse down and the five adults collecting what looked to be ashes into spiritual pouches with little bursts of spiritual energy. When questioned about what happened, they were given one answer, "Later."

They exited the cave and into a discussion about what they were to do.

Lan Qiren questioned Jiang Cheng, though he didn't seem like he wanted to, "YunmengJiang is closest to the Burial Mounds. If Sect Leader Jiang is alright with it, shall we go there and recuperate?"

Jiang Cheng glanced around him until his eyes landed on Wei Wuxian who was standing between Lan Wangji and the Wen siblings, the two Lan Juniors, his *nephew* and some Ouyang disciple. He scoffed and nodded, "Do as you please."

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

Seeing as the fic is nearly finished, I've decided to upload the remaining chapters within the next week. Please look out for that.

Enjoy!

The boats quietly bobbed on the calm lake, luring in the exhausted cultivators with their soothing voices. The cultivators proved to hold no objections to being tricked as they quickly got onto them.

After the cultivators had descended the Burial Mounds, they were quick to find the closest port in Yiling. Unfortunately, the boats that were there weren't the best and smelt of fish and mildew. But, these cultivators weren't picky per se and got on the boats, if only after asking if there were no better ones.

Once everyone was safely inside a boat the group of cultivators set off - quite slowly one should add - much to the chagrin of a pair of Sect Leaders. Despite everything being explained in the Demon Slaughtering Cave, these two Sect Leaders still believe that everything that happened was Wei Wuxian's fault. And they stuck to this, whispering about him in a corner of the boat that Wei Wuxian was on.

Wei Wuxian, who was conversing with his sister, didn't pay them any mind though. He had finished explaining to her that he was fine and that he only used the correct amount of spiritual energy when dealing with the corpses. Wen Qing didn't believe him one bit and checked him herself just to find a fluctuation in his energy. He wouldn't have noticed it so she didn't bother scolding him. She quickly took care of it and dropped his hand.

When his hand dropped, however, something else dropped within his sleeve and he quickly pulled it out to see what it was, clearly not remembering putting anything there. When he pulled out the qiankun pouches and opened them he found five round watermelons glinting back at him from each bag. He let out a little Ah when it came back to him and quickly called over his eldest son.

Hearing his name be called quite loudly, Lan Yuan looked over and found A-Die eagerly waving him over. He went to him after excusing himself from the conversation he was having with his friends and went to see what his A-Die wanted, "Yes?"

Wei Wuxian placed the two qiankun pouches into Lan Sizhui's hands, "These are for you and the disciples who were trapped in the cave. I meant to give you them back then but had forgotten. Go, share them with everyone."

Lan Sizhui thanked his father and went back over to his friends, "I've brought snacks."

Hearing his happy tone, the other junior disciples who were in the cave with him looked at what he was holding in his hands. All they saw were the bright qiankun pouches holding the Lan Sect insignia. They looked back up at him, not the least bit impressed, "Are we meant to eat the qiankun pouches?"

Lan Sizhui laughed at their faces, "No."

A disciple from the Yao sect scoffed, "I thought Lans weren't supposed to lie."

Lan Sizhui sat on the wooden planks of the boat, thanking the heavens that it wasn't rough waters now. Seeing him sit so easily the others thought it was fine and sat as well, eagerly watching as he pulled out watermelon after watermelon out of the thing they were supposed to eat. Their surprised gasps didn't fly past the Lan Sect heir, however, and he schooled his features to not show how smug he was at managing to fool them. Of course, someone who knew him so well could easily see through his facade and it came to no surprise when a snicker came from beside him then a sharp jab into his ribs. Lan Sizhui determinedly ignored his brother and asked the eager crowd, "Does anyone have a knife or perhaps a dagger?"

Jin Ling who was listening from his seat beside Lan Jingyi couldn't help but search for a dagger too. Because after all he was in that cave too and was starving for two days. So busy with his search he didn't notice anyone approaching behind him, so he nearly jumped out of his skin when a voice called his name.

"Young Master Jin Rulan."

Jin Ling whipped his head around to find his Uncle's brother giving him a small smile. If it was Jin Ling from a few months ago he surely would have lashed out at the kind smiling face. But, Jin Ling has had his talk with the person who had murdered his father and learned that like most bad things in life, was simply an accident. He had forgiven the fierce corpse and was coming to quite enjoy his company. He just didn't understand why he couldn't drop the formalities. Jin Ling decided to help him out a bit, "You're my Uncle's brother, you don't have to call me so formally you know. Just call me Jin Ling or A-Ling."

The words came out so soft that he doubted the other heard them due to the silence that passed behind him. But then he heard a soft barely above a whisper, "A-Ling." And nearly felt his heart stop in his chest.

He turned back around and saw Wen Ning giving him a large but soft smile all the while holding out in front of him a dagger, "A-Ling."

Jin Ling took the dagger with a smile on his lips as well, "Ah, thank you... Uncle Ning."

Wen Ning gave him a pat on the head before he turned back around and went in the direction of Mo Xuanyu who was smiling at him as well. Jin Ling flushed in embarrassment. Too much affection in such a short time! He handed the dagger to Lan Sizhui, not making eye contact with anyone but the ground. Lan Sizhui took it while regarding him curiously but thankfully didn't ask and proceeded to cut open the watermelons. Lan Jingyi didn't care about

modesty and the such so he asked straight out, "What's wrong with your face? Why is it so red? Did you see someone naked or something?"

Jin Ling turned to him - flush completely forgotten - and scowled, "Shut up!"

Naturally, they were on a boat, in the middle of a lake so he couldn't see anyone naked. Lan Jingyi just wanted to embarrass him further.

Lan Jingyi did not shut up. He instead placed a hand on his shoulder and patted it in a comforting manner which only proved to annoy Jin Ling further. His flush was now for a purely different reason, "Ah, Young Mistress Jin, seeing someone naked isn't something to be embarrassed about. You would have seen your sect brothers naked all the time, so I don't get why you're so embarrassed now. Ah, could it be," Lan Jingyi looked more closely at Jin Ling's face and his eyes widened in some kind of revelation, "That Young Mistress Jin has never seen the naked body of another? Even while within the training swimming? What is this travesty?! We must rectify this once away! Quick! Everyone, take off your robes so that this virgin-eyed Young Mistress may have the chance to see earthly desires!"

Jin Ling pounced on him, "Lan Yi! Shut up!"

Lan Jingyi's amused laughter could be heard throughout the lake.

When Lan Sizhui was finally finished cutting up all of the watermelons he broke up the quarrel, "Enough you two. Come and have some watermelon."

Lan Jingyi was still snickering and Jin Ling was still grumbling but they both obediently ate the watermelons that were handed to them. Lan Jingyi scooped up several pieces of watermelons and determinedly marched over to where Wen Ning and Mo Xuanyu were conversing by the rails. He calmly called out, "Uncle Ning, Uncle Xuanyu, I have brought watermelons would you like some?"

If one were to ask Mo Xuanyu how he became an Uncle to four little ducklings he probably wouldn't know how to answer.

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**It happened after one of his sessions with Wen Qing while they were still in Tanzhou. He was sitting in the clearing, meditating as she had told him to do every time. He listened of course, because like Wei Wuxian, he found her kind of scary. His session was interrupted when he heard pounding footsteps coming up the path. A junior dressed in gold robes was stomping up the path, ponytail swishing with every wild movement. There was a determined look on his face but also a nervous one, and the mix caused him to look quite funny. Mo Xuanyu had to hold back a snicker when he sat in front of him with a little *plop*. Jin Ling didn't say anything for a while so Mo Xuanyu thought he'd help him out a bit, "Is there something I can help you with, Young Master Jin?"**

The small face had looked up at him in a mixture of shock and nervousness. The boy cleared his throat and began talking, "I am the son of Jin Zixuan of LanlingJin," His voice came out a bit weird so he cleared his throat again, "Whom is the son of Jin Guangshan as well as you are."

"That is correct." Mo Xuanyu had answered, wondering where he was going with this.

"And as we are - erm - related by - um - blood it would be appropriate for the proper - Ah - terms to be used."

Mo Xuanyu hid his smile behind his sleeve, "Does Young Master Jin wish to call me Uncle?" And at Jin Ling's answering nod he continued, "And does he wish for me to call him more familiar?" Jin Ling nodded again.

Mo Xuanyu had lowered his sleeve and gave the nervous boy a blinding smile, "Of course, A-Ling."

Jin Ling had visibly sighed in relief and opened his mouth to reply but a shout cut him off.

Three more robes figures were hurrying towards all shouting the same thing, "Let me call him Uncle too!"

Jin Ling had pretended to be outraged by this and told the three, "He is *my* uncle!"

They had ignored him of course and Mo Xuanyu couldn't deny such cute faces and somehow ended up with four nephews in ten minutes.

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He looked up at the teen and took the watermelon with a smile, "Thank You, A-Yuan."

Lan Yuan nodded his head obediently a few times before he turned and headed in the direction of his parents.

Mo Xuanyu took a bite out of his watermelon and turned back to look at the calm lake when he felt a stare at the side of his face. He turned to see Wen Ning staring at him intently, "What?"

Wen Ning continued to stare, "You're beautiful."

A flush appeared high on Mo Xuanyu's cheeks and Wen Ning felt smug satisfaction rise in his chest, "What are you saying?"

"And amazing, kind, loving, smart, mischievous, pretty, hands-" A hand was placed over his mouth stopping his tirade of compliments. Mo Xuanyu's entire face was flushed red and he looked a bit embarrassed. Wen Ning felt great to bring out such a reaction.

"Stop saying nonsense and eat your watermelon."



Wen Ning took a bit and after he finished chewing he leaned down and whispered directly into Mo Xuanyu's pink ear, "The best."

Mo Xuanyu buried his flushed face into his hands and groaned wondering why he had ended up with this one.

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Wei Wuxian and Wen Qing stared at the talisman that sat on the table before them.

"What's this talisman for?"

"Well, it's to bring something back to life."

Wen Qing stared at her brother in confusion so Wei Wuxian explained some more, "It's to get A-Ning's heart beating again."

Wen Qing stared at her brother like he just told her that he didn't love Lan Wangji anymore. Wei Wuxian tried not to laugh at her expression, "It's quite a fact, Jie. I have tried it and it works."

"Tried it on what?"

"Well, with plants of course. And animals that have a high resentment level."

Wen Qing opened her mouth to talk when there was a knock on the cabin door. Then an inquiring voice came through the wood, "A-Die, Qing-ayi, I come bearing watermelons."

Wen Qing opened the door and let him in. He placed the sliced watermelons on the low table next to the talisman. He saw it but did not inquire about its purpose or its creation. He looked around noticing the absence of a certain white-robed cultivator, "And Baba?"

"Lan Zhan is conversing with his uncle," Wei Wuxian answered over a mouthful of watermelon, "You should hurry back before there are no more watermelon slices left." To anyone else, his words would seem like a clear dismissal, but Lan Sizhui recognized the concern in his voice and nodded his head before departing and leaving his father and his aunt to continue the conversation they were having.

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After Wei Wuxian had explained to Wen Qing once more what the talisman did and he had provided a suitable demonstration - sorry little plant - Wen Qing had deemed the talisman

safe enough to use. They had then called over Wen Ning and Mo Xuanyu whom they explained the idea to. Contrary to her belief, it did not take a lot of convincing for her brother to warm up to the idea of being human again. Wen Ning was very open to the idea of having to breathe and blood flowing through his veins once again. He did bemoan the fact that he was basically 'destructible' once more. It had gotten a laugh out of everyone. They made the wise choice of not trying the talisman immediately.

Lan Wangji had returned a little later, his Uncle right behind him. Seeing Lan Qiren enter so suddenly, the others didn't know what to think. Still, they made space for him at the low table and offered him watermelon which he gracefully declined. After everyone was settled Lan Qiren formally invited the group to live within the Cloud Recesses. Of course, they could leave whenever they wanted and weren't obligated to stay but it was still nice that he asked and all of them accepted. Feeling quite happy at this prospect, Lan Qiren stayed a little longer before he excused himself to rest.

Naturally, the others were quite shocked at this question because they had thought that after they were finished with this case they'd have to continue travelling. When Lan Qiren invited them not for a visit but to live there permanently it lifted a huge weight off their shoulders. Feeling the effects of the good mood still reverberating around them, they chattered happily until Wei Wuxian eventually fell asleep against Lan Wangji's side. It seemed that no matter how much he tried to put off the day's events as a simple matter; the overuse of spiritual energy was still too much for his nourishing body and exhaustion eventually took over.

|~|

At three in the morning, they arrived at Lotus Pier. Wei Wuxian had mixed feelings coming back to this place. On one hand, this was the place he grew up and where he trained and ate and played the majority of his pranks. But, on the other hand, this wasn't that place anymore. This was the place the Wen Sect burnt down and Jiang Cheng rebuilt all on his own. Wei Wuxian guessed in some ways it was like the place he grew up but in others it was not. Regardless if it was Lotus Pier from the past or the future it was still Lotus Pier and Wei Wuxian always wanted Lan Wangji to see it.

However, when they reached about a hundred feet away the Wen Siblings paused causing those they were walking with to pause as well. The rest of the cultivators just passed them by only shooting them curious glances when they were side by side.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't think we should go in." Wen Qing said as she stared forward.

Wei Wuxian let out an inquisitive little sound, "Huh?"

"And I doubt Sect Leader Jiang would let us in." Wen Ning added.

That was true. Heck, it was a surprise that he was even let in, "Then we'll stay out here as well."

Wen Qing immediately threw the thought to the wind, "No, you need to go in there and see what information you can gather."

"But-" Wei Wuxian tried to protest but didn't know what to say.

"It's okay, A-Die," Lan Jingyi suddenly said throwing his arms around Jin Ling and Ouyang Zizhen's shoulders. The latter had someone managed to evade his father's grasp, "We'll stay out here as well."

The four nodded their heads in agreement. Wen Qing turned back to him, "Go away now. Please change your clothes and drink some water," She then turned to Wei Wuxian, "Please keep him out of trouble. And you drink some water as well."

Lan Wangji nodded and led Wei Wuxian away by the waist. Before they were even a ways away he could hear someone say something behind him that nearly made him trip over his own two feet, "Did you know that when A-Yi and A-Yuan were small - maybe five or six - Wuxian had buried them in soil and watered them saying that with proper sunlight and correct soil, they'd be able to grow some siblings? And if they didn't grow any, he'd grow them for his little radishes?"

Hearing his last question, Wen Qing couldn't keep a smile off her face. Wei Wuxian truly never broke promises, did he?

|~|

"Lan Zhan, let's do some reminiscing."

The pair had just escaped from the dining hall of the Jiang Sect that the Sect Leader had so graciously let them stay. Well, they didn't go into the dining hall just stayed outside by the door and listened to the cultivators inside ramble on and on. The guests were two females, and both were of very ambiguous status. One was a former prostitute and the other was a former servant. The strange duo came beating some strange news.

The former prostitute - now known as Sisi - once belonged to the same brothel as Jin Guangyao's mother, whom she was close friends with. A few years ago that very same brothel received a notice that someone required their best woman's service. They were all quite ecstatic of course seeing as the pay was good and they'd be doing what they enjoyed. More or less. However, when they reached there it didn't seem all that enjoyable anymore. On the bed was a man - a very old one - tied up to the bedposts gagged and screaming. This man was none other than Jin Guangshan. The women were ready to turn around and leave when a voice came from behind them. It told them to do what they were paid to do and not

stop until the job was finished. They did just that and unknowingly helped kill the former Jin Sect Leader.

After the deed was done the women were terrified and were about to flee when what was telling them to do all of this came from behind the curtain and killed every one of them. Except for Sisi. He cut her face so that she could never get a job again. Then he bought her freedom and kept her locked up until someone else came to free her.

Bicao was the next to speak. She was the hand servant of the late Madam Qin. Years ago Madam Qin had come to Koi Tower along with her husband for sect leader things. While she was on a walk Guangshan had found and forced himself onto her. She had not told her husband. As it would turn out, she was pregnant and decided to raise the child as hers and her husband's. But years later she received some shocking news. Her beloved Qin Su was marrying Jin Guangyao. One would think that there was nothing wrong with this predicament but they were siblings! Surely nothing good would come out of this. And nothing good did come out of it because look where they were now.

Lan Wangji hummed and let Wei Wuxian pull him towards the market. He was also grateful for the reprieve from all those shouting cultivators. Despite it being quite late in the night, there were still several vendors selling their goods. Wei Wuxian stopped in front of a stall that was selling moon pies, "Lan Zhan, you have got to try this."

Lan Wangji pulled out his money pouch, "Two, please."

"These were the best moon pies in all of Yunmeng," Wei Wuxian happily took a big bite, making sure to swallow before he looked at Lan Wangji. He noticed that Lan Wangji was still on his first bite, chewing quite slowly, while Wei Wuxian was on his second nearing his third, "What is it? You don't like it? You don't have to force yourself to eat it if you don't like it."

Lan Wangji swallowed before pinning him with a stare, "No talking while eating," Then he turned to the stall owner who was watching curiously, "Another please."

---

Finally having Lan Wangji in Yunmeng was maybe one of the best things to ever happen to him. He chattered on and on, getting Lan Wangji to taste all the different things the stalls were selling and letting him play games that he thought were fun when he was younger and running all about letting his partner keep up with him at their own pace.

Pretty soon they were nearing the Forrest and Wei Wuxian happily ran along and slapped the trunk of a very sturdy tree, "Lan Zhan, this is a very special tree!"

Lan Wangji stared at his bright expression and couldn't help but play along with his antics, "Why is it special?"

"Well, this is the very first tree I climbed when I arrived in Yunmeng of course!" Wei Wuxian eagerly explained then jumped up onto the low-hanging branch and climbed until he reached the top. He giggled uncontrollably when he looked down, "Lan Zhan, you look quite adorable from up here. It's quite the scene."

Lan Wangji smiled at him and Wei Wuxian had the sudden urge to kiss him. With little thought going through his head - or probably without thought at all - Wei Wuxian let go of the branch he was holding onto and let himself fall forward. Lan Wangji's eyes widened and before his mind could catch up with his body he had already reached out and caught him. He stumbled a bit from the acceleration and the heaviness of the body he was catching but he quickly steadied himself. Lan Wangji opened his mouth to scold him for his reckless act but was stopped when there was suddenly a pair of lips against his own. He kissed back of course because this was his husband but pulled back soon because this was his husband, "Wei Ying."

"Ah, sorry Lan Zhan. I didn't mean to jump on you like that."

"You could have fallen."

Wei Wuxian smiled and patted his cheek placatingly, "But I knew you would have caught me."

Lan Wangji sighed but didn't reply as he knew that was true. He simply hugged his husband closer to himself and gave him a few more sweet kisses.

Eventually, Wei Wuxian came down from Lan Wangji's arms and began pulling him back in the direction of Lotus Pier, "No more reminiscing?"

Hearing his question, Wei Wuxian looked back, "Yes, more reminiscing, but there's nothing beyond this tree. Only more trees. Let's go back and do some reminiscing in the Pier."

---

Wei Wuxian continued to chatter happily back into the Pier quite happily letting Lan Wangji know of all the pranks he'd ever pulled and of the recipients' reaction. Sometime in the middle of his story, they had stopped in front of YunmengJiang's Ancestral Hall. Wei Wuxian hadn't been in there in years, long before he had died. So, he made the - stupid - decision of going in. Lan Wangji followed after him.

"I used to spend a lot of my time here."

Lan Wangji looked at him, "Kneeling?"

Wei Wuxian shot him a grin over his shoulder.

Seeing the tablets staring right at him, Wei Wuxian didn't know how to feel. Perhaps he should feel ashamed or even downtrodden for being there while they were not. But, he wasn't feeling anything. Because while they could continue to blame him for their demise it was still the Wen Sect's fault that they died. However, these were still his seniors' spirits and even though he may not have necessarily liked them it was still right to be respectful.

So, he lit the incense and prostrated twice to the tablets in front of him. Lan Wangji followed suit. When they were about to make their third bow, a dry chuckle suddenly came from behind them. They turned to find the Jiang Sect Leader standing behind them, arms crossed his expression one of fury, "Wei Wuxian you have some nerve. Do you know whose sect this is?"

They stood up and turned to him, "We only came to greet the spirits of Uncle Jiang and Madam Yu. We're done now. We'll be leaving."

"When you do, please go as far as possible. Don't let me see or hear you within Lotus Pier again."

Hearing him dismiss his husband so easily, Lan Wangji felt his irritation rise, "Watch your mouth."

"Watch your actions."

Not wanting a fight, Wei Wuxian grabbed Lan Wangji's arm and turned to leave, "Lan Zhan, Let's go."

He bowed once more to the tablets and tried very hard to ignore Jiang Wanyin's words, "You should kneel to them properly. After you've dirtied their eyes with your presence."

"I only came to burn some incense."

"Burn some incense?" Jiang Wanyin's gaze turned colder, "Are you stupid? How long have you been kicked out of our sect and yet here you are bringing unwelcome people to burn some incense."

"Who's the unwelcome person?"

"Let me tell you since you seem to be so forgetful. It was because you played hero and saved the Second Master of Lan that my parents are dead. But, you couldn't stop there, no! You had to go and save those Wen dogs too and that cost my sister her life. Then you went and brought those same Wen dogs to Lotus Pier. Now, we have the Second Master of Lan here burning incense. Are you trying to mock me?! Mock them?!"

Wei Wuxian could deal with Jiang Chang insulting him, But to blame his family for the actions of others? That was simply going too far.

"Listen to yourself for a second. You're the Sect Leader of a great sect. Act like it!"

Jiang Wanyin's face darkens, "Act like it? How dare you?! Who's the one insulting my parent's spirit?! I don't care what you two are, be shameless out there and not in here!"

"Shut up!"

Jiang Wanyin pointed a shaking finger behind him, "Mess around out there, whether on a boat or hugging under a tree, just not in here!"

Was he talking about when Wei Wuxian had fallen out of the tree?

That was indeed right.

When Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji had disappeared from the hall Jiang Wanyin had gone and looked for them. He had followed in the direction the street vendors pointed him in. When he eventually found them they were enveloped in a tight embrace unwilling to part even after so long.

Jiang Wanyin felt disgusted.

He had suspected the relationship between Lan Wangji and Mo Xuanyu and had hinted as such if only to offend Wei Wuxian. But, that same lunatic cut sleeve was prancing around his gates with that Wen-dog acting nearly as shameless as the two in front of him. Jiang Wanyin felt extremely disgusted.

Wei Wuxian seemed to be holding himself back, "What are you trying to say?"

"What am I trying to say? What? Are you that shocked that I exposed your thing for each other?"

Wei Wuxian tried to calm himself, "Expose what? There was nothing to expose."

Jiang Wanyin felt his anger reach a boiling point. Zidian unfurled and lashed out. But, before it could hit his target Bichen shot forward and a talisman hit him right in the shoulder. His Spiritual energy had yet to fully recover so he felt it square on. Blood immediately began to seep from the wound.

However, as Wei Wuxian continued to fend off the attacks, Wei Wuxian remembered that this was the YunmengJiang's sect's ancestral hall. Just a while ago he was lighting incense but now he was fighting their son right in front of their eyes!

As if he was being thrown into the Burial Mounds once more, he felt himself flicker between light and dark. Lan Wangji glanced at him before whirling around and grabbing his shoulders. Noticing the change in atmosphere Jiang Wanyin paused as well, Zidian still sizzling but no longer attacking.

"Wei Ying?!"

Something warm streaked down his face and when he reached up to wipe it he found blood on his hand.

He seriously wasn't faking it now.

Wei Wuxian could barely stand. Holding onto Lan Wangji's robes for purchase. Lan Wangji wrapped his arm around his waist to help him further, "How do you feel?"

Wei Wuxian wrapped his arms around Lan Wangji's neck, "Lan Zhan, let's go."

He'd completely lost all of his will to continue fighting Jiang Wanyin. Not even thinking about it for a moment, Lan Wangji picked him up - one hand under his knees and the other supporting his back - and turned to leave. Seeing him in such terrible condition Jiang Wanyin had mixed feelings. For some reason, he felt as if he was being tricked.

He could not let them leave, "Stop!"

Lan Wangji was growing angrier by the second, "Leave."

Bichen shot forward on its master's command, colliding with the purple whip. The noise it made could probably be heard from the market. But, being so close to it, Wei Wuxian felt as if his head was being split in two. Too weak to continue, he closed his eyes and let his body fall limp. Feeling the added weight in his arms, Lan Wangji looked down to find Wei Wuxian had fainted. Lan Wangji began to slowly and expertly send him spiritual energy. Without the help of its master, Bichen was slowly being overpowered by Zidian. Jiang Wanyin didn't want to hit Lan Wangji, knowing the consequences that would have for his sect. So, he retreated. If only a bit too late.

Suddenly there was a hand shooting out and wrapping around the whip, yanking so hard that if Jiang Wanyin didn't have a strong grip on it, the weapon would have flown out of his range.

Looking up to see who the brave - and frankly, stupid - intruder was, he was about to start cursing and shouting when suddenly there was a sword jabbing into his stomach, "Unsheathe it."

Jiang Wanyin pushed it away. In his rage-filled eyes, he recognized the sword as Suibian. Why would he want to unsheathe that traitor's sword, "What the hell are you doing in here?! Get out! Get out right now!"

Wen Ning jabbed the sword into his stomach once again, his eyes were filled with a determined kind of heat, "Unsheathe it. Right now."

Jiang Wanyin felt annoyance bubble up in his chest and without another thought pulled Suibian from its sheathe.

He stared down at the sword in his hand, his body concluding before his mind did.

This sword was indeed Suibian - Wei Wuxian's stupid sword - the one that was said to have sealed itself. Then... why could he unsheathe it? Did it unseal itself already?

Wen Ning let him ponder about it for a moment before he grabbed the sword back from him and sheathed it. He then tried to unsheathe it and failed, "It is not that it unsealed itself-"

"Then why could I unsheathe it?!"



"-It is because Suibian took you as Wuxian!"

Jiang Wanyin opened his mouth to question once again but Wen Ning beat him to it, "It is because that Golden Core revolving inside you right now belonged to Wuxian!"

---

Wei Wuxian knew that while his brother seemed soft he could be quite devious when he wanted to be. So, it came as no surprise that when he woke up in a boat his brother was already apologizing, "Sorry. Wuxian, I am sorry. I knew you said you never wanted him to know... I-"

Wei Wuxian placed a hand on his shoulder, "I also said that it was best he now knew about it. You have done nothing wrong Wen Ning."

Wen Ning looked up regretfully at his brother. Wei Wuxian squeezed his shoulders before pulling him into a hug, "I told you it was fine. No need to worry. If we're being completely honest it's you we should be worried about. You grabbed Zididan with your bare hand. Are you okay?"

Wen Ning's response came out muffled because his face was buried in Wei Wuxian's robes, "I'm okay."

"That's good," He rubbed his palm soothingly up and down his back for a moment before he pulled back from the hug, "Let's stop worrying about it, yeah?"

Wen Ning nodded his head and obediently handed Wei Wuxian over to his sister when she called for him.

Wen Qing had been there when Wei Wuxian had fainted. And she had been there during the reveal as well. It wasn't going to take a genius to figure out why her brother had fainted. But thank The Heavens she was one. When Wei Wuxian sat in front of her, she immediately began checking his spiritual energy. Wei Wuxian just let her as he looked around the boat they were in, "Where's Mo Xuanyu?"

"He is resting."

Lan Wangji was the one who answered. He was sitting in front of them, watching Wen Qing check his husband's spiritual energy with furrowed eyebrows. Wei Wuxian didn't know how to ease that worry because he didn't know what was wrong. So, he just had to wait until Wen Qing was finished with her checkup.

"And the kids?"

"They will return with Shufu."

"I see." Wei Wuxian felt disappointed. He had wanted to see Jin Ling before they had to leave, because who knows when they'll be able to see each other again soon. Plus he was going to miss his ducklings' little faces.

Wei Wuxian sighed and that's when Wen Qing decided she was finished with her checkup, "The rise in emotion during the fight and afterward nearly led him into a Qi deviation. Thankfully that was not the case because of Lan Wangji's quick thinking, but it still left his energy unstable so he just rested for now. Meditation as well will help bring his energy back to a normal state."

Wei Wuxian finally smiled at his husband, "Where are we headed?"

"Yunping. Xioazhang sent a message."

"Okay," He rubbed his eyes, "Lan Zhan come over here so I can use your body as a bed."

Lan Wangji went over and sat right next to him. He pulled Wei Wuxian onto his lap. Wei Wuxian curled around him like a domesticated cat. He yawned and patted the white-robed chest in front of him a few times, "Wake me up when we are there," He yawned, "Wen Ning and A-Jie should get some sleep too. Okay? Good night."

"Good night."

---

The boat docked in Yunping at around maoshi. Wei Wuxian and Mo Xuanyu were still asleep and the others made the wise decision of not waking them. They found an inn and rented a room. They weren't staying long and only wished for rest and baths.

As a matter of convenience, the innkeeper gave them a room with the most beds. They each took one respectively. While Wei Wuxian and Mo Xuanyu were still sleeping, the others planned their next move. They wanted to finish this quickly so, they didn't have to spend more time than necessary in YunmengJiang's territory. Wei Wuxian had woken up when they decided their best course of action. He had professed quite loudly his intention to help, "I think we should scout the area. That temple we guys passed earlier seems suspicious. We should check it out."

A while ago Wen Ning had voiced his suspicions on the temple smack dab in the middle of the city. The others agreed that it was quite suspicious and were making plans to check it when Wei Wuxian woke up and voiced his thoughts.

"Who is we?" Wen Qing asked as she finally caught on to what he had said, "You're not going anywhere."

"But Jie-"

"No. You nearly Qi deviated Wuxian. You need rest and nothing you are willing to say is going to change my mind."

Wei Wuxian wanted to argue but he knew she was right. If he didn't get the proper rest needed it wouldn't be himself alone that would suffer. He needed to be mindful of what he was intaking and what he was doing or else he could compromise the health of his child. He didn't want that, "I understand. Lan Zhan and A-Ning should check it out then and report back what they found."

"Then we will depart immediately and try to return as fast as possible."

They stood up from where they were talking at the low table and began to gather some supplies they would need. Before they left out of the door Lan Wangji went over and gave Wei Wuxian a kiss on his forehead murmuring his order that Wei Wuxian should get some rest. Then they were gone.

Wei Wuxian stared at the door for a long while before he was brought out of his thoughts by his sister calling his name. He looked at her and she pushed a cup into his face. The liquid inside smelled bitter, "Drink."

Wei Wuxian took the offered cup and then downed it in one gulp. The taste was no different from the smell. Wen Qing frowned at him, "You were supposed to sip it."

"That was so bitter though. How could you expect me to sip that?" He scrunched up his nose in disgust.

Wen Qing sighed, took the cup from him, and placed it on the ground. She then placed a hand on his stomach and used her spiritual energy to prod the bundle of within Wei Wuxian. She found nothing out of the ordinary but checked once more just to be sure, "Nothing is wrong. You just need more rest," She placed a hand against his chest and pushed, making him lie on his back, "Go to sleep."

Wei Wuxian let her do what she wanted, his eyes feeling droopy all of a sudden. As he continued to watch her move around the room, the pressure became more intense until he had to eventually shut his eyes.

He didn't know when he had fallen asleep.

---

The sky was dark, the sun already departed with the moon taking its place.

It was nearing *Xushi* and Lan Wangji and Wen Ning had returned not too long ago. Wei Wuxian and Mo Xuanyu had been awake by then and were having dinner with Wen Qing. They came in looking quite angry and worried announcing to the room that they were to

depart immediately. Wei Wuxian made it clear that he was not going to sit this one out. No one tried to stop him. They left after they notified the innkeeper of their departure.

Wen Ning had left them when they were near the inn. He said there was something he needed to investigate. The four carried on after wishing him a safe return.

The temple seemed to be an ordinary temple from the outside. But, Wei Wuxian quickly learned that this was not the case. There seemed to be some kind of array, keeping something within. Within the temple were several disciples from the Moling Su sect and the Jin Sect. They were armed with bows and arrows, their swords strapped to their backs. Not only were there several armed cultivators but there was also a Lan Xichen, who looked defeated but unharmed. That was good to see.

It was Wei Wuxian who made the noise that gave away their position. Just a little scuff off his boot that sent rocks flying. No big deal. But it still gave them away. Their spot being given led them into a brawl with the cultivators inside. They were steadily overpowering them despite having the disadvantage of low numbers. They were disarming the last cultivator when three things happened at once. Wen Ning came barreling through the door, an enraged Nie Mingjue barreling behind him, an enraged Jiang Wanyin barging through the window, and a smug Su She marching into the temple with an unconscious Nie Huaisang hanging from his arms. Neither of these proved good for them so they quickly decided on their roles. Lan Xichen disarmed Su Minshan and took over watching Nie Huaisang seeing as his sealed spiritual energy had yet to recover.

Wen Ning and Mo Xuanyu dealt with Jin Guangyao, bombarding him with talismans and attacks. Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji dealt with Nie Mingjue, Lan Wangji attacked him until Wei Wuxian eventually had the opening of slapping a talisman on him. Wei Wuxian thought it was a simple freeze talisman, but as luck would have it, it turned out to be the talisman he had meant to get Wen Ning's heart beating again. There was nothing to be done as the talisman had already been absorbed into his person. They had to watch with bated breaths as the resentful energy filtered fitfully out of Nie Mingjue's person. His eyes seemed to flash between pupilless and brown orbs. Then it stopped and his eyes returned to their normal brown orbs. Nie Mingjue had doubled over as if in pain and held onto his head all the while groaning out his shock. Nie Huaisang had woken up during the action and when he saw the humanlike reaction from his brother, he couldn't resist the urge to call out. Nie Mingjue had reacted to his brother's cry and immediately all his pain was forgotten as he rushed over to check and see if his brother was alright. The reunion would have been a sweet one if it hadn't been interrupted by Mo Xuanyu suddenly screaming that Wei Wuxian should look behind him. When he did he saw Jin Guangyao rushing at him, no weapon in sight, but he was screaming quite loudly. Wei Wuxian was prepared to dodge when everything went black.

|~|

Thunder was rumbling, lighting rhythmically flashing in its wake. The Heavens were in chaos, the ringing bell helping and not helping its case at the same time. This much noise

could only mean one thing.

Someone was ascending.

This was cause for celebration.

If only that stupid bell would shut up!

---

Being shot by lightning was probably one of the worst ways to go. Not only was it extremely painful, but you would also probably be burnt to a crisp which means you'd probably have nobody to bury! Being buried alive by thunder was maybe slightly better than being shot by lightning. Still, neither was very appealing and nobody wanted to die.

Especially Wei Wuxian who only just came back to life. Except when he opened his eyes, he wasn't in darkness like he was last time. Instead, he was surrounded by people cheering, laughing, smiling, and congratulating him. When he looked around he found that he wasn't the only one in that strange place surrounded by strange people. Lan Wangji was standing behind him trying to get his bearings and when he saw Wei Wuxian in front of him looking fine but dazed he rushed over immediately checking him for injuries. Letting his husband check him over Wei Wuxian looked around to see who else had followed them there. He found everyone he expected.

"Congratulations!" A loud booming voice startled Wei Wuxian out of his thoughts. Noticing this, Lan Wangji placed himself in front of him, "Congratulations on your ascension!"

Ascension?

"If the masters would follow us for the debriefing." A woman motioned them forward.

None of them moved.

Finally taking a closer look at their faces and their defensive stance, the rowdy group finally calmed down and began to think things through, "Ah, could you go and get His Highness?"

"Why don't you do it?! I did it the last time!" The last time he had gone to fetch His Highness, they found him in quite a compromising position with his... husband. Never again.

"What last time?! I don't remember there being a last time!"

"Yes-"

"Just shut up and go do I-"

"What seems to be the problem here?"

A voice said from behind the no longer rowdy group. The voice came from a man who was wearing a pair of simple white robes, hands tucked serenely into the long sleeves - the action kind of reminded Wei Wuxian of Lan Xichen - his hair was rolled up into a neat bun, braids running into it on each side. His face was quite neutral, not frowning yet not smiling either. They parted the way for him when he stepped forward, "Ah, so this was the reason for the loud ringing," He suddenly bowed, "Congratulations on your ascension."

"Ah, thank you?" Wei Wuxian and the others bowed in confusion.

"The masters must be confused. Allow me to explain."

"Please do." Wen Qing suddenly spoke up from behind them.

"I am Xie Lian." He bowed again, "The Heavenly Emperor. Welcome to Godhood."

They stared at him.

That was the shortest explanation anyone had ever heard of in their life!

---

Inside The Great Martial Hall, the Heavenly Officials were practically vibrating with excitement. Watching new Gods be assigned their titles was entertaining to them. It wasn't always exciting for the Gods to receive their title, however. This was the case now.

After Wei Wuxian and the others had received a proper explanation for their sudden teleportation into the Heavenly Realm; they finally agreed to move to The Great Martial Hall to officially be assigned their titles. Which was where they were. Anxiously watching the beaming Gods around them.

Xie Lian stood at the front of the hall receiving the scrolls the woman from before was handing them. They held their names and the Status of Godhood they would receive. It read as such.

Wen Qing - *Goddess of Medicine - Medical Master*

Nie Huaisang - *God of Plans and Planning*

Lan Wangji - *God of Justice*

Wei Wuxian - *God of Inventions*

Wen Ning - *God of Security*

Jiang Wanyin - *Water Master*

---

After they were finished, they descended to the Mortal Realm once more as they were not yet finished with what they were doing.

When they returned to Guanyin Temple they found Jin Guangyao restrained, Nie Mingjue conversing quietly with Lan Xichen in a corner within the dilapidated temple, a horde of yelling cultivators and very worried juniors. When the four saw them entering, they rushed over and began voicing their worries all at once.

"Where were you guys?!"

"Where did you go?!"

"All of a sudden you guys disappeared!"

"Then Jin Ling's fat dog came running over and barking like crazy! It ran all the way to the Pier!"

"Fairy isn't fat!"

"Then Xiansheng just said to hurry to Yunping! And when we came you guys weren't here! Where were you?!"

"Are you hurt?! Did you get into a fight?!"

"You guys looked like you just had the shock of your life!"

"Boys," Wei Wuxian's voice immediately stopped their ramblings, "We're okay. We just went through something... a little strange."

"What? What did you go through?!" Jin Ling's voice could probably be heard from outside.

"Well..." Wei Wuxian didn't quite know how to explain this.

Jiang Wanyin rolled his eyes from where he had been standing behind them, "We ascended."

The juniors stared at him, their mouths gaping and their little faces contorted into one of disbelief. Then in two seconds, it seemed to morph into one of shock, "What?!"

"It's the truth," Wen Qing said. She then turned to Wei Wuxian with a piercing glare, as her mind remembered something important, "Tell him. Right now."

This secret has been held onto for longer than necessary.

Wei Wuxian looked like he wanted to protest, so Wen Qing decided to help him a bit, "Lan Wangji, Wuxian has something to tell you."

Lan Wangji blinked and turned a questioning eye to his husband, "Wei Ying?"

Wei Wuxian had wanted to put this off for as long as he could. He wouldn't admit it but something was bothering him all this time. He knew it was silly but he couldn't help but wonder if Lan Wangji would want this baby. Sometimes his mind would try to tell him that Lan Wangji never intended for him to get pregnant - heck, he probably thought it wasn't possible - when they had sex and wasn't thinking anything of it when Wei Wuxian decided he wasn't having sex again so soon. (This was just a health precaution Wen Qing decided he take) But, sometimes his brain would also tell him that Lan Wangji would have loved another child, seeing as he did so well in raising Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi. But, one could never be too sure when it came to the mind and so he continued to put it off using the excuse of Lan Wangji being overprotective as his main deflection. But, his sister was right he couldn't put this off any longer.

"I-I..."

"A-Die? What's the matter?"

"Would you like for me to tell him?"

Hearing his son's worried voice and his sister's threat to tell Lan Wangji herself seemed to have pushed him to the edge of confession, "No! No, it's alright. I'll do it myself. I- uh - think you should sit down for this. And - uh - you guys should hear as well."

They all sat in a circle on the floor. Jiang Wanyin walked a few feet away from them, deeming his presence not necessary in this conversation. He didn't leave though because his nephew was still there. He could still hear everything that was being said but he wouldn't disrupt the conversation with his unwanted presence.

"So," Wei Wuxian started, "Remember that day when I got back my original body?"

"Yes."

"And what we did that night?"

"What did you do that night?"

Wei Wuxian had the overwhelming resolution that his family wasn't there when he was having sex. Horrified at his thought process, he buried his flaming face in his hands hoping that the ground would swallow him up until he sorted through his thoughts.

After he composed himself, he sat up and took a deep breath, "That night... Lan Zhan and I - uh - had... se- dual cultivated and uh he kind of got me pregnant?"

The last part was mumbled so quietly that any normal person would not have heard what he said. But these were no normal people, these were cultivators who trained their senses since they were barely at the age to walk.

"What?!"



"Uncle Xian - you - you are a man!"

"I am aware of that."

"Then how could you possibly be pregnant?!"

"It's just that-"

A sudden softness engulfing his lips stopped his foolish explanation.

Lan Wangji had wondered what was happening to his partner after their first coupling but he did not pry and let his husband overcome whatever that was troubling him. But, hearing all of this now Lan Wangji could not believe it at first. Yet, seeing how Wei Wuxian was acting, Lan Wangji doubted it was anything but the truth. He ignored all the surprised gasps floating around them as he pulled his husband into a kiss.

"Is it true?"

"Yes, it's the truth, Lan Zhan. You did get me pregnant on the first night we had sex."

He was pulled into another kiss for his troubles.

"I suppose congratulations are in order then?"

"Yes, congrats!"

"Uncle Xian, do you know the gender yet?"

Wei Wuxian laughed even though tears were gathering in his eyes, "It's still way too early for that!"

"A-Die, when did you find out?"

"Wait, shouldn't you be called him A-Niang now?"

"You brats-"

# Chapter 7

## Chapter Notes

So, we'll just be ignoring that little note on the previous chapter and carry on.

PLEASE ENJOY MY PEACE OFFERING!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Within the Jingshi the sound of Wei Wuxian's peeling laughter could be heard if one were to be standing directly outside the door and not within its walls. This soothing sound of laughter was now becoming a regular occurrence for the previously quiet Cloud Recesses. The sound was not only acknowledged but was anticipated by the residents as well. This laughter signalled that the day had been good, if not for the person's hearing it but for the person releasing it. That at least was putting the residents of the peaceful mountain at peace. The person releasing this sound was not aware of its effect on his people but he continued to do it all the same.

The person in question was in the Jingshi's spacious kitchen making dinner for his children with his husband. This dinner was made solely by Wei Wuxian with little to no help from Lan Wangji because - contrary to popular belief - Wei Wuxian could in fact cook without people needing several cups of water just after seeing this dish.

And he did make sure to keep the majority of spices away because this was for his children. His children were not with the residence because they were out on a 'very sophisticated night hunt' as they graciously put it and were returning that day.

The night hunt wasn't sophisticated at the very least and was simply used as a means to go out and meet friends - namely Ouyang Zizhen and Jin Ling - they hadn't seen in a while, because of sect duties. Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian had offered their sons indulgent smiles and sent them on their way with qiankun pouches filled with snacks and food to last a week each.

That had been three days ago and the slightly worried parents had finally received word that the duo was returning that day. After having received the message from his eldest son, Wei Wuxian dragged a recently washed Lan Wangji with him to the kitchen to 'help him prepare dinner for their children who were finally returning home'.

That's where they were, cleaning the mess of vegetable scraps - placing them in a bucket outside the kitchen door to use as fertilizer for Wei Wuxian's garden - and dusting every particle of rice flour off every piece of furniture in the kitchen; Wei Wuxian giggling all the while as he watched Lan Wangji clean the jade countertops, flour falling from his hair at the

slightest movement. Lan Wangji didn't seem to mind that he had to wash again, in fact, he even seemed quite happy at the prospect.

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After the two had sufficiently cleaned the kitchen - and themselves - they stood within the threshold of the kitchen's back door, holding each other, Wei Wuxian's back against Lan Wangji's chest and Lan Wangji's hands around Wei Wuxian's waist, caressing his slightly swollen stomach.

He was two months in and was enjoying everything about being pregnant except that every morning he woke up he was immediately puking his guts out. It had gotten so bad that they placed a bucket in the bedroom so that he didn't have to run to the bathroom to release the dinner he had before. Wen Qing had told him it was morning sickness and that every pregnant person experienced it; though the timespan differed for every person. He asked what he should do to stop it and she told him, "Nothing. It'll pass on its own."

She did, however, give him some mint tea leaves and told him to drink two cups when he woke up and before he went to bed every night because mint helps with nausea. Whatever the hell that means.

"Wei Ying."

"Mn?" He hummed to let Lan Wangji know that he was listening.

"A-Yuan and A-Yi have just entered the Sect's wards."

Wei Wuxian perked up hearing that his children were back and if it wasn't for Lan Wangji's arms around his waist he was sure he would have been out the Jingshi's front door and towards the sect's gate, barefooted and would have ended up being scolded by Lan Qiren (no doubt) if he were to come across him, "Wei Ying should not rush," Lan Wangji's protectiveness had surely increased since he found out Wei Wuxian was pregnant, "And if Wei Ying is planning on going outside, he should wear his coat."

Wei Wuxian nodded his head and gave Lan Wangji a smouldering kiss before hurrying inside and towards the bedroom to find his coat and shoes and was out the door in record time, barely containing himself from running all the way there.

Lan Wangji released a fond sigh as he heard the front door slam shut behind Wei Wuxian's excited figure. He checked on the Lotus and Pork's Rib soups - minus the pork's ribs in one pot - and determined that they were near completion. He started to transfer utensils to the dining room adjacent to the kitchen as he waited for his family to return and their food to finish.

The war within Wei Wuxian had settled and he ended up fast walking to the gate, "A-Yuan! A-Yi!" He called out - far louder than several Gusu Elders would deem appropriate- when he saw the duo conversing quietly and walking in his direction. They looked up and when they spotted him wide smiles spread across their faces and they quickened their paces until they were right in front of him and he could pull him into a hug, "A-Niang!" They exclaimed in delight.

Wei Wuxian giggled at the address. A while back Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi had begun calling Wei Wuxian that as a joke because of his recent body developments, and Wei Wuxian didn't bother to stop them as he quite enjoyed being called that. And before the trio could have guessed the name had stuck and that's what Wei Wuxian preferred to be addressed as regardless of the company or situation they were in, "Did you come to greet us?" Lan Jingyi asked excitedly as they pulled back from the hug.

"Yes! Lan Zhan and I were just finishing up dinner when he announced your return. Have you eaten yet?" As he spoke Wei Wuxian hooked his arms between his sons' elbows and began leading towards the Jingshi.

"We haven't." Lan Sizhui replied at the same time as Lan Jingyi questioned, "What did you make?"

The three were nearing Lan Qiren's residence. While there was certainly still light out, it was certainly dark enough to light up a few candles for the added aid to sight. But, Lan Qiren's residence was pitch black. It was clear he was not home.

The three passed it by and carried on with their approach home, "We made Lotus and Pork Ribs soup - vegetable edition of course."

The Lan brothers smiled at the mention of their A-Niang's comfort food. No matter the time or place just the mention of this dish would bring a smile to Wei Wuxian's face for two simple reasons. The main one was because it was Wei Wuxian's dear Shijie who had taught him how to do it. The latter reason was that it was the first dish he had learned to make without it being burnt beyond salvation or it being spicy beyond edibility for anyone but himself. As they reminisced the fond memories they had or were told about that particular dish, they stepped onto the Jingshi's porch. When they entered the door the calming scent of sandalwood immediately entered their senses. The calming scent relaxed them so much that their shoulders were slouched as they made their way to the dining room. Lan Wangji had just set the last pot of soup on the table when they walked in. Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi barely waited until Lan Wangji straightened himself to his full height before they were rushing into his arms.

Lan Wangji buried his head into his sons' hair and inhaled the scent of their soap, and as the aroma wafted through his senses he felt the slight worry within him settle as happiness took its place at the fact that his children were finally home.

"How is your completion on the communication device coming along A-Niang?" Lan Jingyi questioned Wei Wuxian after they had all sat down for dinner. The rule of *no talking while eating* has long since been revised and was changed to *no talking while chewing*. Wei Wuxian thought this was an excellent adjustment to not only one but all the rules on that stone wall.

"I'm all finished. Just waiting for Huaisang to finish setting up the network."

The communication device they were talking about was Wei Wuxian's latest invention. It had come to him a while ago when he was only a few weeks along and Lan Wangji had taken the juniors on a night hunt that was connected to his Godly duties, leaving Wei Wuxian all alone because of 'the delicate state he was in' -whatever the hell that meant Wen Qing! - because that was the time when miscarriages were frequent; blah, blah, blah. It was not only Wen Qing had scared him into staying home but Lan Wangji had managed to convince him to. The betrayal!

So, he wallowed at home, his brain not knowing what to do. He had finished the (rain) shower project he was working on. It was quite easy to complete if he was being honest. He decided to draw their water source from Biling Lake and let the system run through and towards the mountain so that the townsfolk will have water as well. Wei Wuxian completely ignored the fact the townspeople live right on the water source. The hassle came with deciding how to build the shower itself. Lan Qiren had suggested that build it as an extension onto the houses using the same wood but his idea was quickly dismissed as the continued water will rot the wood. Lan Wangji suggested they use stone and his Uncle's extension idea. Pretty soon after every building that had a resident now had a shower room/ bathroom or a rain room as Wei Wuxian had so kindly put it. They sent out basic information to the public for those who were interested in the renovation of their homes. Wei Wuxian had personally delivered the plan to the Heavenly Capital. He had met up with the Martial emperor, Xie Lian and they had tea after he delivered his inventions. Xie Lian was amazing company and to Wei Wuxian's absolute delight Xie Lian had announced he was expecting as well - if only accidentally - but he was a month ahead of Wei Wuxian. Neither of them cared and was happy to bond over the experience of being male and pregnant.

This was really where the inspiration for the communication device came from. Both Xie Lian's and Wei Wuxian's husbands were extremely busy people at times, one being a Supreme Ghost King and the other being the God of Justice. They wanted to see their lovers while they worked but couldn't because they were often busy as well. They started discussing the possibilities and then the answer hit Wei Wuxian like a punch to the gut. Or it could have been nausea. He wasn't paying much attention at the time.

When he arrived home after his tea with Xie-ge - Xie Lian insisted he called him that - Wei Wuxian pulled out several sheets of talisman paper and plain paper, then began to pen his letter to Nie Huaisang, requesting his presence immediately. Wei Wuxian and Nie Huaisang had restored their relationship and were closer than before. So, if one or the other was in

danger they would be there immediately. Nie Huaisang perhaps thought that Wei Wuxian was in some sort of danger which was why he was there the next day, bulky Nie guards behind him ready to fight off the imaginary danger for their Second Young Master Nie and his closest friend, Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian had seen them outside the Jingshi's door and thought that someone had died. It was a series of miscommunications that day but they had a good laugh after so all turned out well. They began to talk business and before they knew it they were already done.

"Wow, Wei-Xiong," Nie Huaisang had said in pleased astonishment, "I didn't know that we were so good together."

"Me neither," Wei Wuxian said as he stared down at the already-finished talisman, "Wait, you said something about broadcasting. How are we going to do that?"

"Easy," Nie Huaisang took a sip of tea, "We'll use Jin Guangyao's lookout towers."

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"And do you know when he is going to finish rewriting the system?"

Wei Wuxian shook his head, "He said it'll take a while because of all the spiritual energy he has to use. Whatever the hell that means. It's like he keeps forgetting he's a God with abundant spiritual energy."

Lan Sizhui giggled at his A-Niang's obvious exasperation at his friend, "Will we be having dinner with Qing-ayi, Uncle Ning, and Uncle Xuanyu tomorrow?"

"Yes," Wei Wuxian stopped spooning soup into his mouth to answer his son, "They would have come today but Qing-Jie is in the Heavenly Capital, and Wen Ning and Xuanyu are out on 'errands'." Wei Wuxian scrunched up his nose at the lie. They could have just said they were going on a date.

The Lan brothers wheezed haphazardly at Wei Wuxian's expression while Lan Wangji smiled fondly at Wei Wuxian. He looked like a bunny.

He turned his smile to his sons who were smiling at Wei Wuxian's face. Their bowls were empty, "Would you like some more?"

Both boys shook their heads. They had already had three bowls. And while the *no more than three bowls of food* was no longer a rule they felt like they couldn't eat anymore.

"We'll help you clean up." Lan Jingyi sat and began to stack the dishes with the help of his brother and father.

"Ah, what a diligent little family I have." Wei Wuxian called from his spot on the floor, which he hadn't moved from.

Lan Wangji looked at him with a glint in his eyes, "Wei Ying should get ready for bed."

"Hanguang-jun," Wei Wuxian whined, "This wife of yours doesn't want to rest yet. Let him do something else."

"Wei Ying should take a shower."

"Lan Zhan!"

## Chapter End Notes

Please forgive my late update, I had caught the cold and my exams had started. But, they are finished now and I am all better so here is the chapter - by far the shortest one I have ever written in my life.

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

The last chapter of this work. - Cries tears - But, don't worry guys, i'm thinking about posting some extra's that will be out soon AND I'm nearly finished with my first oneshot. - Cheers! - Please look forward to that. Thank You, guys for being through this with me and ENJOY!

That morning Wei Wuxian woke up on his back, his hands placed obediently over his round stomach, fingers interlaced. The blanket was pulled up until it was right under his chin, tucked in quite purposely at his sides. Only one person could have placed him in such a position. He sat up - with great difficulty - and peered around the room but didn't spot his Peerless Jade anywhere. Frowning, he scooted to the edge of the bed, planted his feet on the wooden floor, and stood; waddling his way to the centre room where he saw Lan Wangji. He was sitting at the low table sorting through papers, his brows furrowed in a frown. He seemed frustrated.

Wei Wuxian thought that it was too early for him to be irritated already; so, he made a plan to cheer him up, "Lan Zhan," He pouted as he walked towards him, "Don't you think it was mean to leave your poor pregnant wife all alone in bed?"

Lan Wangji looked up at him and - just as he expected - the sight of him in Lan Wangji's inner robe and his messed up bed hair made him soften, "Good Morning, Wei Ying."

He stood up and helped Wei Wuxian sit down. Then he went to the kitchen to get him his breakfast.

It was plain congee. Tasteless, odourless, simple. The way his children seemed to like it. If Wei Wuxian didn't know any better, he would have thought it was the kitchens that made such a dish.

But, he did know better and he knew that it was his husband who had made the dish for him and his children. Overprotective he was. Wei Wuxian smiled, they couldn't wait to meet them.

When Wei Wuxian was in his fourth month of pregnancy, he went for his weekly checkup with Wen Qing, there was when he found out he was having more than one baby.



*"Qing-jie, I feel sick." Wei Wuxian complained as soon as he entered the Lan Sect's healing pavilion.*

*Wen Qing was at her table mixing some disgusting medication with her lover, Lan Qin. The two had met when they arrived at the Cloud Recesses. Lan Qin was the head healer at the Cloud Recesses and Wen Qing was the Goddess of Medicine. Both were insanely strict but kind at the same time. It was strange to see why they wouldn't match well. And so it came to no one's surprise that a few months later they were announcing their relationship and their intent to get married later in the future.*

*"Qin-Jie, I feel sick." Wei Wuxian had pouted as he sat down on the medical bed.*

*Both women had turned to look at him in concern, "What's wrong?"*

*Pout still in place, Wei Wuxian began his complaints, "I thought my nausea was supposed to stop last week. Why am I still waking up wanting to throw up the dinner I had the night before?"*

*Lan Qin began brewing tea, "Wuxian, perhaps the continued nausea is because of something you ate. Have you kept to your diet?"*

*"Qin-jie, I've eaten every tasteless thing you've told me I should be eating. And if I were to try not to, this baby Lan Zhan put in me would immediately deter that thought."*

*Wen Qing shared a look with her lover before she turned her attention back to her brother, "Lie back," Wei Wuxian obeyed, "Untie your robes."*

*She moved to the seat at his bedside and placed a hand on his larger-than-average stomach. She probed him with her spiritual energy for a moment before she retracted it with a sigh and a small laugh. Seriously, how could she not have noticed it before?*

*"Is something wrong?" Lan Qin asked after she had placed a steaming cup of tea into Wei Wuxian's hand and turned around to pour one for Wen Qing.*

*"No, nothing's wrong," she patted Wei Wuxian's hair affectionately, "It appears that that husband of yours is a lot more 'potent' than we thought."*

*"What do you mean?"*

*"Lan Wangji has managed to put two babies inside of my dear little brother. Honestly, is there anything that man cannot do?"*

*Wei Wuxian looked at her with wide eyes before he cast that surprised look to his stomach, "Really?"*

*"Yes, I honestly don't know how I didn't notice it before," Wen Qing took the proffered cup of tea from Lan Qin. She took a sip before she continued talking, "Your stomach is bigger than normal for someone who was supposed to be carrying one child and you just came in complaining about the added nausea. It really could only be that."*

*Lan Qin clapped her hands, an excited grin on her face, "Congratulations, once again, Wuxian!"*

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*When Wei Wuxian returned to the Jingshi, Lan Wangji was already there preparing dinner. And as if he was drawn by his presence, Lan Wangji entered the centre room as soon as Wei Wuxian opened the door.*

*Happy to see him home, Lan Wangji had opened his arms for Wei Wuxian, "Wei Ying."*

*Being mindful of his stomach, Wei Wuxian waddled over to Lan Wangji and burrowed into his open arms, "Lan Zhan."*

*Lan Wangji placed a kiss on his forehead, "Wei Ying's checkup went well?"*

*"Ah, Lan Zhan there really is nothing you can't do is there?"*

*"Wei Ying?" Lan Wangji pulled back to regard him confusedly.*

*Wei Wuxian pulled Lan down by the neck to whisper the good news into his ear. If Lan Wangji's sharp intake of breath and the tightening of his hands on his waist wasn't a good sign then him pulling Wei Wuxian into a searing kiss was enough.*

*"A-Niang?"*

*Wei Wuxian had pulled away from Lan Wangji's addicting lips and peered over his shoulder. Lan Jingyi and Lan Sizhui were standing in the doorway of Jingyi's bedroom and were watching their parents in confusion.*

*"My little radishes," Wei Wuxian's voice had sounded strangely wet, "How do you feel about another little radish?"*

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That was five months ago. Now Wei Wuxian was in his last month of pregnancy and could not see anything below his stomach. It wasn't anything bad, it's just that he couldn't see Lan Wangji's face anytime he decided to relieve him. It was quite frustrating but he could put up with it for a couple more weeks. Besides, Lan Wangji loved his round stomach.

"You seem frustrated. What is it?" Wei Wuxian asked as he observed his husband's furrowed eyebrows. Lan Wangji sighed.

"What is the matter?" Wei Wuxian questioned Lan Wangji who had sighed once again within the last two minutes.

Lan Wangji huffed and gave Wei Wuxian the paper he was grading. Wei Wuxian raised an eyebrow but willingly took the paper. He looked down and realized it was an exam paper from one of Lan Wangji's students. It was probably one of the leftovers from the night before that Lan Wangji could not mark due to having to take care of Wei Wuxian, who had been in pain because of false contractions. Wei Wuxian focused on the paper in his hand and began to read a few lines but had to stop immediately after.

He gave Lan Wangji an incredulous look, "Lan Zhan, did this student of yours not learn basic pronunciation and grammar?"

Lan Wangji sighed for the fifth time in two minutes, "He is a new disciple."

Wei Wuxian watched as Lan Wangji gave the disciple a Bing. When Lan Wangji saw Wei Wuxian's raised eyebrows he simply restated himself, "He is new." And he at least had some semblance of what he was talking about.

Wei Wuxian chuckled and continued eating, "Ah, Lan Zhan, you are just too good. Let's not focus on such negative things. Focus on the positive ones instead."

Lan Wangji buried his head in Wei Wuxian's hair and hummed in question, "Mn?"

"Besides the fact that our children are nearly here, our home renovations are finally complete."

*That was true indeed. Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian had decided during Wei Wuxian's fourth month of pregnancy that if they were expanding their family, their home should be expanded as well, "The Jingshi only has three rooms," Wei Wuxian had said when Lan Wangji brought up the problem of sleeping arrangements for their future children, "Ours, A-Yuan's and A-Yi's are the only rooms within the Jingshi. And even though I know they will have no problem with it, we can't have them sharing a room can we?"*

*Lan Wangji hummed his agreement, "What does Wei Ying suggest?"*

*"I think we should expand. But, not like any expansion. We shouldn't expand out. We should expand up. A second floor or maybe a third should be added to the Jingshi if possible because knowing my Lan Zhan he will not be satisfied with four children."*

*Ears bright red, Lan Wangji agreed, "Mn, it will be done."*

*And five months later the Jingshi's added floors were completed with even more rooms than Wei Wuxian had planned. When he questioned Lan Wangji he got, "I will not be satisfied with four children." as a reply. Wei Wuxian's laughter had been bright and lively.*

"Will Wei Ying be staying at home today?"

"No, I'll visit the rabbits while I wait for A-Yuan and A-Yi's class to finish."

Lan Wangji nodded, "Let us prepare."



The rabbit colony in the back mountains seemed to have grown since the last time Wei Wuxian had been there. And they seemed to like him a lot more than before. The recent attitude change happened after he visited the rabbits when he returned to the Cloud Recesses. The rabbits would hop over as soon as he entered the meadow. It was as if they sensed him coming. He later found out it wasn't him the rabbits had taken a liking to but, his babies. It wasn't what he expected but he would take it.

"A-Niang?!"

Only one person - other than himself - was brave enough to yell in the Cloud Recesses, "A-Yi!" Wei Wuxian yelled back.

"A-Niang! You're already here?"

"What do you mean?" Wei Wuxian questioned after they had parted from the hug.

"Baba told me you hadn't left home yet. It seems he wasn't quite correct."

Wei Wuxian stared at his son weirdly, "Why are you speaking like that?"

Lan Jingyi sighed and plopped unceremoniously onto the soft grass beneath him, "I got scolded by the teacher for my speech again. He told me that my way of speaking was just as unruly as I am. Whatever the hell that means. I think my way of speaking is just fine. Right, A-Niang?"

This was the second time Lan Jingyi had complained about a teacher having a problem with his attitude and frankly, Wei Wuxian was sick of it, "Your way of speaking is just fine. Same way you are just fine. Who does that teacher think he is? You know what, A-Yi, take me to him right now so that I can tell him exactly what is on my mind."

Wei Wuxian was as serious as ever. He was more than happy to know that at least one of his kids didn't adhere to all of GusuLan's rules and he wasn't going to let some outrageous teacher change that. 'Trying to correct my son's speech?' Wei Wuxian thought, 'Over my dead body.'

Lan Jingyi, however, was having none of it, "Take you to him? A-Niang, you can barely walk. Sit down."

Wei Wuxian didn't complain and obediently sat down next to his son on the grass. He put aside the matter for now seeing as Lan Jingyi was back to his regular speech. He was still going to have a chat with this teacher regardless.

"Where's A-Yuan?"

Lan Jingyi seemed to just now notice the absence of his brother, "He was right behind me..."

Just then Lan Sizhui entered the meadow, calm as ever, his eyes immediately falling on Lan Jingyi and Wei Wuxian, "Oh, there he is."

"Hello, A-Niang." He bent down and gave Wei Wuxian a hug to which it was happily returned. He then turned to Lan Jingyi and punched him square in the shoulder, "Why did you run away earlier? I told you to wait for me."

Lan Jingyi dramatically fell over and clutched his shoulder, mouth open in a silent scream as if he was in the worst kind of pain.

Lan Sizhui ignored him and sat on the opposite side of Wei Wuxian who had been watching the two amusedly, "Are you feeling alright A-Niang?"

"Oh, I'm fine. Your brother, however..." Wei Wuxian turned back to where Lan Jingyi was rolling silently on the ground, Lan Sizhui huffed, "That should teach him to not run inside the Cloud Recesses." However, that wasn't the reason he punched him in the first place.

When Wei Wuxian tried to laugh it came out as a sharp gasp as he registered the sharp pain coming from his stomach. Both boys turned to him in shock, Lan Jingyi forgetting all about his play for attention, "A-Niang?!"

"I'm ok-" His attempt at placating was cut off with a groan. He hunched over and let out an involuntary gasp of shock at the wetness spreading through his robes.

Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi gasped along with him, "You're not fine at all. We need to get you to Qing-ayi!"

"I-"

"No excuses. We're going right now. Stand up slowly... good. Ugh, what a terrible time to not have our communication devices." Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi each grabbed one of Wei Wuxian's arms and placed them over their shoulders. They hurried towards the entrance of the meadow, the poor rabbits hopping around them in panic.

It was when they were nearing the classrooms that Lan Jingyi remembered how he had come aware of Wei Wuxian's presence that day, "Yuan-ge, quickly, call Baba and bring him here!"

It was only the panic in his brother's voice and the panic he was feeling that made Lan Sizhui act without thought. He removed Wei Wuxian's hand from his shoulder and took off running. When his acceleration began picking up Lan Sizhui began to wonder how many rules he had broken in the last ten minutes. The baffled Lan disciples he zoomed past also wondered what was happening to their Young Master.

"Are you feeling okay, A-Niang?" Lan Jingyi questioned Wei Wuxian who had finally gotten his breathing under control.

"The pain is more bearable."

"Hold on, Yuan-ge has gone for Baba."

Lan Sizhui rounded the corner and hurried to the classroom he knew his father would be teaching the disciples slightly older than Lan Sizhui. Apologizing to his ancestors, he slid the door open without knocking, "Baba!"

Lan Sizhui was seriously breaking so many rules today. Lan Wangji looked up surprised at the outburst. The entire class was surprised by the outburst, "A-Yuan? What is the matter?"

"Baba, come quickly! A-Niang- the babies!"

Lan Wangji did not need to hear anything more, "Class is dismissed," He told his baffled students, "Let's go."

The two took off back the way Lan Sizhui came from.

And despite gossiping still being forbidden Lan Sizhui knew that everyone in the Lan Sect would know what was happening before he even reached the infirmary.

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Lan Jingyi was seriously contemplating carrying Wei Wuxian to the infirmary himself. Seriously, how long is it taking to reach from there to a classroom around the corner? Lan Jingyi prayed to any God listening to give him the strength to carry Wei Wuxian to the infirmary.

"I don't think that's a good idea," Wei Wuxian commented with a groan, "While Lans have insane arm strength you'll have to train for a couple more years before you can carry someone of my weight."

Lan Jingyi groaned, how could he forget his parents were Gods?!

"Wei Ying!"

"Lan Zhan? Ugh." Lan Wangji picked up speed seeing Wei Wuxian double over in pain. Once he was in front of him he did not hesitate to scoop him up into his arms. Lan Jingyi tried not to feel jealous. Wei Wuxian let out a breathless laugh at his expression, "Just a few more years."

"Inform your Aunt." Lan Jingyi nodded and took off down the path to where Lan Sizhui was. They rounded the corner together.

"We're finally going to meet them."

Lan Wangji placed a kiss on Wei Wuxian's sweaty forehead, "Yes, we are."

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"Qing-ayi! Qing-ayi!"

When Wen Qing opened the infirmary door, the sight of her nephews flushed to their necks and breathing heavily greeted her, "What's the matter with you two?" She questioned after she got over her surprise. She brought them inside and sat them on the seats for guests. Lan Jingyi, who had recovered first explained what was happening. Wen Qing did not seem overtly shocked. She did, however, immediately turn to the women who had come out during the ruckus and tell them to start setting up 'the room'.

"When did this start?"

"Around twenty minutes ago."

"Wen Qing."

Wen Qing turned to Lan Wangji who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere, "Bring him inside," She turned to her still-shocked nephews and softened almost immediately, "You two stay there and inform whoever you need to inform. I won't ask you to leave because I know you won't but, please sleep when you're tired. If you are hungry tell one of the healers. When we are finished I or your father will come and get you."

"Make yourselves comfortable, we'll be here for a while."

|~|

The sunlight filtering through the infirmary's waiting room windows was not awake before Lan Sizhui. And that was while he had gone to sleep late last night. Seriously, not even the sun could beat the Lan Sect's ridiculous sleeping schedule, "A-Yuan."

His head turned so fast he was lucky his neck didn't break, "Baba," Lan Wangji stood there in his sleepy softness. That at least was a good sign that everything had gone well; Lan Sizhui was still decidedly worried though, "How is A-Niang? And the babies? How are you feeling? Why is it so quiet? Aren't babies usually really loud? Are you sure everything-"

"A-Yuan." Lan Wangji's amused voice broke his babbling son from his tirade, "Come and see for yourself. And wake up your brother." Lan Sizhui did not need to be told twice, "A-Yi, get up."

"Huh? What?"

It surely had to be the easiest and the fastest he had ever gotten his brother awake before, "Come on. Let's go in."

"Huh, go in where?" He asked but still stood up and followed his Ge.

The room Wei Wuxian was staying in was letting in as little sunlight as possible. The infirmary bed housed a sleeping Wei Wuxian and beside his bed were two cots. Lan Wangji was sitting beside both of them. When he noticed his sons had finally entered he called them over, "Come," The duo rushed over as quietly as possible. As soon as they were close Lan Wangji brought them into his arms and leaned over the first cot where a sleeping babe was, "This is your younger brother Wei Ming."

The Lan brothers stared at the sleeping babe in awe. The black blob of hair on his head seemed to be as soft as dumplings on his cheeks. His button nose scrunched up cutely as if feeling the stares before he relaxed. Not wanting to risk waking him, they moved to the other cot where a pair of bright golden eyes were staring at them. Lan Jingyi gasped when the babe looked at him, "She has your eyes, Baba."

Lan Wangji smiled, "Mn, she does."

"What's her name?"

"Lan Ming-Yue."

Lan Ming-Yue smiled upon hearing her name. The boys couldn't help but coo at the sight, "We wanted you both to choose their courtesy names. Normally women of the gentry do not have courtesy names but there is always time for change."

"Of course, we can Baba!"

"We'll come up with the best courtesy names ever."

They whisper yelled together. Lan Wangji laughed quietly and pulled them into his arms, "I have no doubt you will."

Lan Jingyi snuggled into the warm chest, "We have to tell so many people."

"We will. But, I want to spend some time with my family first."

Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi gasped in delight and whipped their head towards the infirmary's bed, "A-Niang!"

|~|

Wei Wuxian rested his head on the wall behind the bed inside the Jingshi. He began humming a lullaby he had heard but could not remember where it was from. He was trying to get the twins to sleep after Lan Qiren had visited and scolded him for cleaning when he should have been recuperating. Wei Wuxian had laughed and told him it was his way of recuperation. Lan



Qiren had scolded him once more before greeting his grand-niece and nephew before leaving to attend to his duties, a bag of tea leaves left at Wei Wuxian's disposal.

Wei Wuxian looked at his children, wondering if they could understand the smile he wore was one of great happiness. His daughter looked up at him from where she was lying next and began blinking rapidly as if asking why he had stopped singing the song. He began singing again only to stop short at the slight sting coming from his nipple. He looked down at his son who was suckling away, not an inch of remorse on his little face, "You little brat." Wei Ming looked up and smiled before latching on and sucking one more time before releasing his nipple and trying to join his sister who was staring at her fingers intently. Wei Wuxian put him next to her and watched him immediately slap his hand in her face. Lan Ming-Yue, thankfully, did not cry, she did, however, look like she was about to hit him back.

Wei Wuxian quickly moved his son away. He patted his daughter placatingly. She smiled and leaned into his hands. Wei Ming began whining at the lack of attention so Wei Wuxian patted him as well, "You're the one who started all this. Why are being like this?"

"Uncle Xian!"

"Young Mistress Jin, you can't yell! What if my siblings are asleep and you wake them?!"

"You say that while you are yelling as well!"

Before Lan Jingyi could open his mouth to retort, Lan Sizhui stepped between the two and calmly opened the Jingshi's front door all the while scolding the two beside him, "Both of you be quiet in case A-Niang is asleep as well. He has not been getting the best of rest lately."

The trio quietly entered and headed to the master bedroom where the door was left open, indicating that Wei Wuxian was awake. The three walked in just as Wei Wuxian had fixed his robes into some sort of sensibility.

"Uncle Xian." Jin Ling's voice was only a little quieter than a yell.

"Hello Sect Leader Jin," Wei Wuxian responded and watched in amusement as his nephew's eyebrows furrowed in exasperation, "What brings you to this humble Deity's abode?"

Jin Ling sighed and dropped his head in mock annoyance, "Uncle Xian."

Wei Wuxian giggled at his nephew's whiny tone, "Yes?"

"Don't be like this," He looked damn near ready to stamp his feet, "I haven't seen you in a while, and now that you've had the babies I'll probably see you less. And besides... I missed you." The last part was said so quietly that Wei Wuxian would have missed it if he hadn't intently listened for it.

"I've missed you too." Wei Wuxian would have opened his arms for a hug if he wasn't sticky from breast milk. Because it was true that they hadn't seen each other in a while. The last time they had seen each other was at Jin Ling's ascent to Sect Leader, which was roughly four months ago, during Wei Wuxian's seventh month of pregnancy. His nephew had looked so

adorable, "Come and meet your younger cousins, I know how much you've been wanting to meet them."

Jin Ling hurried over to where Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi were already seated, playing with their siblings.

"While you guys get acquainted, I'll clean up." Wei Wuxian announced and stood up from the bed. He walked slowly towards the bathroom keeping his eyes on his kids in case they started crying like before.

*He had tried it once when the twins were only two weeks old. Lan Wangji along with Wei Wuxian and the twins were the only ones at home. Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi were in their classes. Wei Wuxian had walked to the bathroom to wipe down his chest after the recent feeding. Lan Wangji was preparing lunch. As soon as Wei Wuxian was out of their sight the twins - in their little pillow barricade on the bed - started screaming. The two screamed so loudly that Lan Wangji had come running from the kitchen in surprise. They only stopped screaming once Wei Wuxian was within their line of sight again. However, they were still crying so Wei Wuxian climbed back into the bed and cuddled the two to his chest, finally quieting their sniffles. Wei Wuxian had looked at Lan Wangji in shock who only smiled at him and fetched the cloth he was going to use to clean himself. Lan Wangji cleaned him with the same smile on his beautiful face.*

*After he finished cleaning Wei Wuxian's chest he placed a kiss on his forehead and then on his babies', "I will prepare lunch."*

*"Then you'll come cuddle?" Wei Wuxian asked after he overcame his initial shock.*

*"Mn."*

.....

Wei Wuxian backed away slowly, keeping his eyes on his kids. Lan Ming-Yue met his eyes and blinked twice before turning her attention back to Jin Ling who was trying to gain it with a rattle drum. Wei Ming, however, did not spare him a glance as he continued to giggle under Lan Sizhui's ministrations.

Wei Wuxian let out a sigh of relief and hurried to the bathroom.

"Hey," Jin Ling whispered to the two Lan brothers to his right, "How did it go?"

"How did what go?" Lan Jingyi questioned without looking at him.

Jin Ling rolled his eyes, "You know, the courting of that guy."

Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi looked at each other with wide eyes before they looked at Jin Ling, then to the bathroom where Wei Wuxian had disappeared to; and then back at Jin Ling.

The younger opened his mouth in shock, "Uh, You haven't told them?"

"Not yet," Lan Jingyi let out a nervous giggle as he scratched his head, "We were planning on telling them tonight."

"Please do not ruin the surprise." Lan Sizhui whispered back.

Jin Ling nodded his head to inform them that he won't. They went back to playing with the twins who seemed more than happy to have the attention on them again.

"Ah, could I trouble you to babysit while I prepare dinner?"

The two Lans answered with an immediate 'yes'. However, Jin Ling's answer was delayed.

"You're going to cook?!"

The utter disbelief on his face and in his voice had Wei Wuxian shaking in laughter, "Yes, will that be a problem?"

"Of course, it's a problem! You can't cook! The last time I tasted your food, I almost died!"

"The congee was supposed to be extra spicy; to help with the corpse poisoning."

"Yeah, and help to kill my taste buds too."

"Jin Ling, I can assure you that A-Niang's cooking will not kill your taste buds." Lan Sizhui placated.

"Fine." Wei Wuxian giggled on his way out the door.

"Does that guy you two are courting know who your parents are?"

"Of course, he knows. And he has a name you know."

"It's He Juan and he's the best."

"I'm sure he is."

"Is there a problem Young Mistress Jin?"

Jin Ling suddenly felt bad, knowing he had offended them somehow, "I didn't mean it like that. I just don't want him to take advantage of you two."

"Your concern is greatly appreciated but there is no need for you to worry."

Jin Ling huffed but dropped the subject. They turned to the twins again, "Wait, I just realized that I don't know their names."

Jin Ling looked sheepishly at the two babies on the bed.

Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi stared at him with wide eyes for a moment before they fell over laughing. The twins startled at the loud outbursts and stared at their elder brothers with wide beady eyes. Jin Ling, however, rolled his eyes; but internally he was shocked because he had never heard Lan Sizhui laugh that loudly before, "Why are you laughing? It's not my fault that you guys never bothered to tell me their names. Stop laughing... fine I'll find out myself."

Jin Ling marched out of the room and left the cackling idiots behind. He planned to ask Wei Wuxian and endure the teasing he knew would come but he found someone much better who would not waste his time teasing him. Hopefully.

"Uncle Zhan."

Lan Wangji was sitting at the low table, enjoying the tea Wei Wuxian had prepared for him when he heard his name being called. He looked up and over and saw his nephew approaching him, "Hello, A-Ling." He answered with a smile. Jin Ling sat down next to him and he pulled him into his arms, placing a kiss on his forehead before releasing him from the hug. Jin Ling blushed at the new action, opening his mouth to voice his question only to end up coughing as he realized just how embarrassing the question was.

"A-Ling?" Lan Wangji questioned, pouring a cup of tea for the bright red youth next to him.

"Will you tell me the twins' names, please? Uncle Xian must have forgotten to tell me and A-Yi and A-Yuan are too busy laughing to tell me." Jin Ling got out in one breath.

Lan Wangji smiled in amusement before answering, "Their names are Wei Ming and Lan Ming-Yue."

Just then Lan Sizhui and Lan Jingyi walked out of the bedroom with the twins placed comfortably in the cots they were holding. When they noticed Lan Wangji sitting at the table, they hurried over, "Baba!" They sat down and waited patiently for the forehead kisses they knew would come.

"Did you find out their names?" Lan Jingyi asked excitedly.

Jin Ling stuck his tongue out at him, "Yes, I did. No thanks to you two."

"You're welcome."

Jin Ling rolled his eyes for the nth time that day.

"Ah- Lan Zhan will you come and help me please?" Lan Wangji got up from where he was playing with the twins to help his husband in the kitchen.

"Hey," Jin Ling whispered to the other boys at the table, "When you're telling your parents about the whole courting thing, do you want me to make up some elaborate excuse to leave the table?" he didn't want to do it, but if he had to he would.

"No, that will not be necessary." Lan Sizhui answered.

"It's best to have you here as moral support." Lan Jingyi butted in.

Jin Ling gave him a tightlipped smile.

"Alright, time for dinner." Wei Wuxian announced, setting two separate pots down on the table; Lan Wangji was right behind him with dishes and utensils. The dish Wei Wuxian made was Lotus and Pork Rib Soup, with and without meat. Jin Ling stared at the bowl of tasty-looking soup in front of him and then back at his family who was waiting for him to take the first bite.

"Ugh, hurry up already. I'm dying over here." Lan Jingyi complained, exaggeratedly rubbing his stomach in mock pity.

Jin Ling ignored him and took a sip of his soup. He swallowed and turned to Wei Wuxian, who only laughed at him, "It's good isn't it?"

"So good." He couldn't help taking another sip and another and another.

"We told you it was."

"So, back at Yi City, you had purposely made that terrible congee to hear me scream?!"

"A-Ling, that congee was to help with the corpse poisoning." Wei Wuxian calmly explained, "And it wasn't even that spicy." The three teenagers all turned to him in bewilderment, but Wei Wuxian didn't even look at them as he continued to entertain the twins with the rattle drum from before. The silence that took over after was a comfortable one, only soup slurping and the twins' occasional interrupting it.

It was when Lan Sizhui finished his first bowl of soup that he finally confronted his parents, "We've - A-Yi and I have been - uh - meaning to ask you - uhm - permission to..."

"Court someone."

Four pairs of eyes turned to look at Wei Wuxian in shock and confusion.

"How did you know?!" Lan Jingyi asked quite loudly, startling the twins. They blinked rapidly at him.

"You were not subtle," He said taking the spoon from his mouth, "And you whisper really loudly." The blush that took over their faces was totally worth kind of eavesdropping on their conversation...

"We weren't subtle?"

"Nope," Wei Wuxian then glanced at the still confused Lan Wangji, "At least not to me."

"What courting?"

"Baba, Yuan-ge, and I would like to court a boy we met on a night hunt once or twice."

"Once or twice?" Jin Ling coughed under his breath. Lan Jingyi glared at him. So much for moral support.

Lan Wangji's brows furrowed. He didn't seem to notice Jin Ling's slip, "Who is he?"

"His name is He Juan and he lives on the outskirts of Caiyi Town. It is just him, his mother, and his older sister. His father died quite a while ago." Lan Sizhui explained hopefully.

Lan Wangji hummed then turned to Wei Wuxian, "Wei Ying?"

"I'm completely fine with it as long as you treat each other right. What did his mother have to say about this though?"

"She was fine with it, but she wanted to hear your words before giving the final say."

"We shall write a letter to notify her of our agreement."

The two Lans brothers felt as if they were going to cry, "Thank you."

"Ah - A-Ling," Wei Wuxian whined and Jin Ling immediately had a foreboding feeling, "A-Yi and A-Yuan are going to begin courting, I heard A-Zhen has begun courting someone from a neighbouring sect. When will you begin courting someone, hm?"

Jin Ling's face reddened but Wei Wuxian was too busy laughing at him to notice, "Never!"

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